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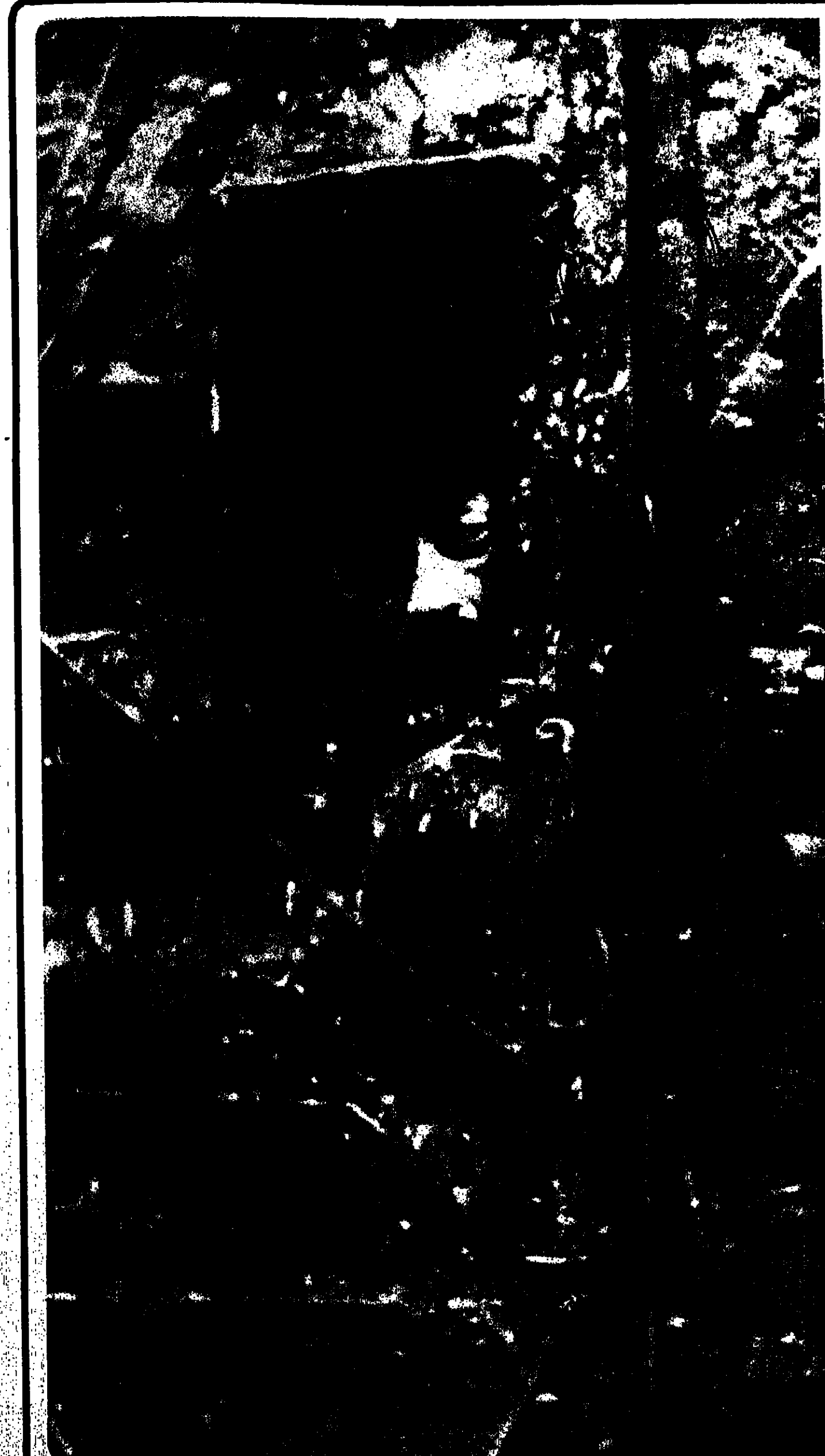
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## THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Friday, December 14, 1984

Warsaw Jew hides from anti-Semitic rioters, 1938. From exhibition of photographs by Roman Vishniac at the Israel Museum. Pages 10-11.

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THE Israeli telephone has never been something to write home about. That this may soon change, however, was made clear last month when Minister of Communications Arnon Rubinstein announced that a Belgian subsidiary of IT&T would be contracted to engineer Israel's transition from analogue to digital telephone switching. What is less clear is whether this bodes well for the nation's often inept telecommunications infrastructure and for its long-suffering phone subscribers.

There is much wrong with the phone system here that a mere technological revolution may be hard-put to correct. Former ministry technicians maintain that the system has been on the verge of collapse for years. But Zvi Amid, director of Bezek, Israel's new public telecommunications company, denies this: "Our phone system is neither backward nor underdeveloped," he says. "It's technologically updated as it is and has a built-in ability to become an advanced system in a relatively short time."

Furthermore, he asserts, Israel's phone system has been growing at a steady rate of between 10 and 12 per cent yearly, no mean feat considering that other Western countries have been averaging a growth rate of between 1 and 1.5 per cent.

Nonetheless, the local system leaves much to be desired. There's the busy signal you get after dialling the first three numbers. There are the interminable wrong numbers that aren't your fault because you dialled the right one. Sometimes, when you do reach the party you want, the line disconnects. More often than not, an outside party cuts in on your line or a series of disembodied voices and echoes make conversation a worthless pursuit.

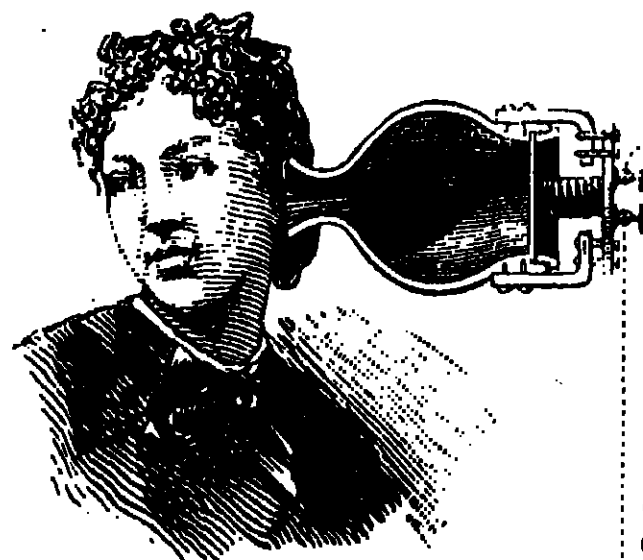
Trying to reach the international operator or information during peak afternoon and evening hours can drive even the hardest souls to despair. And the only reason most Israelis don't throw away their Telrad-manufactured "English" telephones, each of which costs \$34 to produce (the English have long since switched to push-button phones that cost one-third of that amount to manufacture), is that they know how difficult it will be to get through to the repair service afterwards.

Forty per cent of all telephone calls initiated by Israeli subscribers to reach parties further afield than their own locality end in failure. In 1978, the failure rate in Israel was only 33 per cent. The accepted failure rate elsewhere in the Western world is about 3 per cent. This has resulted in far more than mere inconvenience for the Israeli phone subscriber. Misdialed phone calls are expensive. While the domestic user may fume at the extra amount tacked onto his phone bill, businesses can find themselves wasting large sums every year as a direct result of inefficient communications transactions not settled in time, etc.

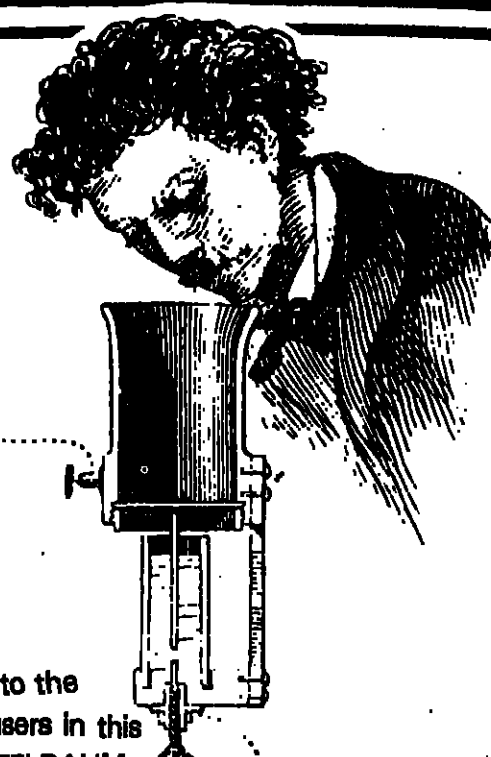
Nor does the Ministry of Communications particularly benefit from the additional income gleaned from these extra calls. The way and tear in the phone system not only absorbs any conceivable profit but actually hampers it. "Our major problem," Rubinstein told *The Jerusalem Post* recently, "is that the system is overloaded by overage."

Some high-tech businesses are dragged down or never take off because of the shortage of suitable lines. Although some 4,000 lines currently exist to handle computer traffic and, according to Rubinstein, are "underused," many new technologies fail to establish themselves while newly constructed industrial

# Getting through



Is there an end in sight to the suffering of telephone-users in this country? SHELDON TEITELBAUM discusses the reasons for the prevailing chaos and the impact of Bezek, the new public telecommunications company. He also previews a promised technological revolution and looks into the way the decision to 'go digital' was reached.



parks sit moribund because they can't get telephone lines.

Although Israelis subscribe to as many telephones proportionally as the French, he said, Israelis use their phones more. One reason is that a large number of people enjoy free phone use here, for instance in state, academic and other institutions.

"For a time we considered detailed billing as a deterrent," said Rubinstein, "but it soon became clear that the task was too complex and expensive. It made better sense for us to invest in the expansion of the phone system."

Zvi Amid blames an overabundance of cheaply built, and in most cases unauthorized, push-button phones (imported from the Far East and installed by private homeowners) for many of the ills of the telephone system. But even more significantly, he said, "our system is overloaded because of a long-standing government policy to increase the number of phone subscribers without at the same time expanding and strengthening the basic infrastructure. Today, we're living with the results of that policy."

A FORMER Communications Ministry engineer now working in industrial telecommunications argued that another reason why the system is overloaded is that the slots which serviced it over the years didn't do their jobs right. Sure, there's some equipment that's obsolete, but there's a lot more out there that's been wrecked—because of either incompetence or neglect by people who never much cared for what they were doing in the first place.

He added that the ministry's technicians had in some cases been poorly trained. During the administration of one particular director-general, the ministry drafted some unskilled labour and, after a few days of haphazard instruction, set

them loose as telephone repairmen. These people, like many of their more skilled associates, were fond of knocking off work at 10 a.m. so they could moonlight.

"THE WORK ethic in the ministry," he continues, "was appalling, even by the standards of other ministries. There were foul-ups that cost thousands of dollars to repair; there was bribery (repairmen refusing to do the work assigned them unless they received gratuities from their customers). It was unbelievable!"

According to a former departmental manager no longer with the ministry but, like the above source, still reluctant to be identified, "the ministry's worst problem, by far, was awful management." Indeed, a ministry study completed during the formative stages of Bezek disclosed, he said, that virtually hundreds of clerks at the managerial level had neither the training nor the temperament required for their jobs. "It used to drive [former minister of communications Mordechai] Zipori out of his mind!"

And the problem wasn't restricted to the managerial level. Most of Rubinstein's predecessors apparently considered the position a bore. "I chose this ministry out of six others offered me," says Rubinstein, "mainly because of the great technological advances in the office. Telecommunications is considered a vital area of concern in most other countries and by their governments. I suppose Israel has been somewhat lagged with regard to its attitude, but that's changing too."

Nevertheless, Rubinstein admits that sagging morale has been a problem. "I recall when I marched with our personnel during the Jerusalem march at Sufot and bystanders shouted, 'Stop marching and fix our phones!' But by speaking with the various works committees and by trying to impress upon them the

need to reorganize and reevaluate, I think morale has improved."

THE ESTABLISHMENT of Bezek, with the passage of the Bezek Law in the Knesset, had been intended as a morale and performance booster. The brainchild of Zipori and then-Knesset Economics Committee chairman Gad Ya'acobi, Bezek achieved status as a semi-independent government corporation in February 1984. But this only happened after a difficult and protracted struggle within the ministry over the ultimate organization of Bezek that threatened in turn to demoralize its founders and patrons.

Amid, who was chief communications officer in the IDF, reluctantly left that post soon after the outbreak of the Lebanon war at the behest of Zipori and former chief-of-general-staff Rafael Eitan; he confirmed that this period had been difficult for him. While the interminable struggles worked themselves out, Amid despaired of ever being allowed to get on with what he believed to be a vital job.

Bezek proved problematic for several reasons. One was that Zipori and Amid found themselves faced with intense strife within the ministry over who would ultimately join Bezek and who would be left behind. Most ministry employees were anxious to get the perks and benefits believed to be in the offing for those who would be assigned to Bezek.

Because of the inescapable realities of labour relations in Israel, Bezek was unable to choose the employees it wanted. Most of the people now constituting Bezek's 8,000-man workforce were transferred to it from the ministry. And although the better working and financial conditions promised the Bezek staff will not be felt until February 1985 at the earliest (and, according to Amid, "the extent of these improvements was never specified"), there was a determined

struggle to climb onto the Bezek bandwagon.

Secondly, says Amid, "there was much reorganization, which in some cases involved shifting responsibilities, freezing the decision-making prerogatives of some and actually demoting others."

This task was not easily accomplished. "You're dealing with human beings," said Amid, "some of whom have been working in the same place for 15 or 20 years. And each person has to be dealt with as an individual. Even in the military, you don't achieve this kind of reorganization by dictate."

He claims that the process was concluded successfully. He does not believe that Bezek's work-force dooms the government corporation to failure. He does not accept the contention that many in his company or in the ministry are blatantly incompetent. "The fact is that I had a limited pool to draw on. But I'm not so sure I would have fired everybody if I had had the option. In fact, I'd have kept most. I'm sure the dead weight doesn't exceed 500, if that."

RUBINSTEIN and Amid maintain that it's still too early to judge Bezek. And both regret that the government freeze on new contracts and spending was extended to include Bezek, though not, for instance, Shokem. "It was an arbitrary and wrong-headed decision," said Rubinstein, "and did not apply to any other government corporation except Mekorot [the national water company] and the Electric Corporation. There's no doubt that it has affected Bezek adversely."

When it was pointed out to Rubinstein that his predecessors at the ministry had consistently failed to use up the main portion of their development budget, he said, "I'm not them! A proper development budget is something I'd be delighted to use up to the bitter end."

"If the current freeze is our last," said Amid, "and if we're left alone to go about our business, we'll probably pull the phone system out of its slump. There are already indications of an improvement. The public won't really feel them until about February 1985."

"Bezok," asserts Amid, "was created specifically to remove the telecommunications service field from the debilitating environment of budgetary cuts and freezes. Just changing the phone company's name to 'Bezok' wasn't in itself going to accomplish a thing."

"We haven't cost the government or the public anything—I've never heard of a telecommunications company anywhere in the world losing money. And we may soon begin raising money on the public market."

"If the government sticks to the work agreement it signed with our people come February, I think that within five years Israelis will enjoy service comparable with any other Western country. Every Israeli who wants a phone will get one. And every phone will work. We certainly have the financial and manpower capability to put us at the cutting edge of technological developments."

The "cutting edge" of telephone technology is the digital switch (see box). Based on the new micro-processor technology, digital switches are essentially enormous computers capable of ensuring complicated data dialogue through the telephone infrastructure at high speeds.

The advantages of this system over the standard "analogue" electromagnetic switch are mesmerizing. Soon, for example, you may be able to screen incoming calls, turning away the ones you don't want with a busy signal. Dialogue over the phone between disparate computer systems, now a problem to arrange, will become standardized and simple. The bottom line will be that consumers, and perhaps more ominously, a government corporation, will be connected to a central data bank with a device that is not only a phone but also a small terminal.

Although a challenge to civil rights activists, digital switches will be a windfall for Bezek. The new switches are compact. Bezek will no longer be compelled to purchase huge lots of real estate in city centres to house them. Moreover, Bezek will be able to install them in existing structures, using existing switches and equipment in tandem. And the ease with which new switches can be made operational should reduce the waiting period for a new phone.

ISRAEL'S decision to go digital dates back to 1980 and was taken by former communications minister Yitzhak Moda'i. Examined through the prism of hindsight, his plan seems positively inspired. Moda'i insisted that Israel switch to digital through the auspices of two separate companies, one North American and the other, preferably, European. Neither would actually supply Israel with switches. Rather, a number of corresponding Israeli telecommunications companies would be provided with the considerable software required to manufacture such switches here. This would not only protect Israel in the event of a supplier country reevaluating its political connections, but would also guarantee this country its technological independence.

Israel contracted a Canadian company known as a pioneer in the field, Northern Telecom, to fill the bill for one of two contracts, then estimated at close to \$250m. each. And the first of the digital switches was installed by the firm's Israeli counterpart,

Telrad, in 1982. The first town graced with a digital switch was Kiron, where there had been a number of deaths connected with the lack of telephones.

Ironically, Kiron found itself with a telephone system that proved, for a time, almost worse than useless. "There are always problems trying to incorporate new technologies, especially when they are absorbed by older technological infrastructures," explained Rubinstein. "This kind of thing has happened all over the world and we weren't terribly excited by it. Our engineers were confident they could work out the bugs and they did so."

The problem, said Amid, was that



(Clockwise, from above) Rubinstein, Zipori, Moda'i, Eisenberg



the most advanced switches couldn't do much if the existing telephone trunks and lines weren't overhauled and brought up to their standards (Bezek has already invested some \$30 million to accomplish this.) But Moda'i decided to spare Israel some of the birth-pangs of the new technology by temporarily shelving the search for a European company, turning his attention instead to the establishment of Bezek.

EARLY IN 1983, however, then-minister of communications Mordechai Zipori issued tenders to European companies interested in a 10-year arrangement whereby 100,000 new lines would be established annually.

Rubinstein said that the ministry had indicated that it would base its final decision on three factors: technological feasibility, good economics and low political risks.

Some potentially suitable companies never took up the offer because of the Arab embargo against trade with Israel. One of these was reportedly the French company CIT-Alcatel, which instead worked through a South African subsidiary, Tel-Tech, represented in Israel by magnate Shaul Eisenberg.

Zipori decided to award the European contract to the Swiss company Siemens-Albis, which had provided Israel with equipment and service before and had heavily invested in a

discredit Siemens-Albis. Using his considerable influence in the Liberal Party and in Herut, Eisenberg was then said to have instituted a campaign, ultimately successful, to have Zipori hauled over the coals, both in his party and elsewhere, for "wasting public funds" and, according to one critic, "using Israel as a guinea pig for unproved Swiss technology."

THE Treasury then asked Siemens-Albis to lower its asking price. The Swiss firm, complaining of foul play, refused, and Zipori was forced to cancel the agreement. In revenge, Siemens-Albis sold off its shares in AEL, which has since become "Elisra," and left the country in a huff.



(Clockwise, from above) Rubinstein, Zipori, Moda'i, Eisenberg



Then-minister of industry and trade Gideon Patt was sent to Switzerland to placate them, but failed. New tenders were offered; and the South African company established a new price for its services that was considerably higher than the one it set to undercut its Swiss competitors.

According to AEL-Elisra president Zalman Shalev, Eisenberg had not quite resorted to price-dumping but he did "wage a war" against Siemens-Albis, a war, according to a reliable source, that included acquiring influence in the Communications Ministry, in the parties and in newspapers. Shalev told *The Jerusalem Post* that, "to this day, the ministry and others in the government are sorry the Siemens-Albis deal was

Rubinstein said he preferred not to comment on whether Eisenberg had asked other individuals to apply pressure on him to change the decision. "I told Eisenberg that I would reject political pressures brought to bear upon a purely technological matter," said Rubinstein, adding that he felt "Eisenberg's behaviour was legitimate business practice."

Bezok chief Amid concurred. "In fact," he said, "the pressures exerted were in this case mild compared to what goes on in most countries. At least, in Israel, I don't think we crossed the line to the point of bribery." When asked how he felt about accepted business tactics, especially in light of his IDF experiences, Amid said, "Look, just because I served in the army doesn't mean I'm naive or stupid!" Mr. Eisenberg, meanwhile, declined to comment.

In order to ensure that the decision-making process would remain "absolutely kosher" and that "no irrelevant pressures clouded the issues," Rubinstein appointed a final review board headed by Dr. Avraham Suhani (founder and president of Elsciot) to consider the BTM contract. "Our main consideration this time," said Rubinstein, "was that Israel end up at the forefront of technological innovation." The board, after deliberations that did not include meeting any witnesses, agreed with the original decision to favour the Belgian IT&T subsidiary.

A Communications Ministry spokesman told the *Post* that BTM will supply its switching software to Israeli telecommunications companies Tadiran and Elisra within 18 months of signing the agreement with Israel. Amid says the final cost of the switches will amount to \$130 million. However, the total bill for the new system could run as high as \$750m, according to some estimates.

## Girl-less cussless



Israel's first switchboard, 1919.

phone number "five," he would push the button five times. The arm would lock on the fifth notch and would remain in place until the call had been completed.

Surprisingly, this innovation remained essentially unchanged for the better part of the 20th century. During the Thirties, the

French invented the "crossbar" system of analogue switching, which consisted of a switching device the size of a gymnasium and about as noisy as an abattoir. Each device consisted of rack after rack of electromagnetic relays opening and closing with a sound not dissimilar, according to one appreciative writer, to that of buckshot ricocheting off a tin roof. It was this "Number 5 crossbar" that formed the basis of Israel's telephone infrastructure. And the only improvement on the model, initiated by the Swiss, was to transistorize the switches.

During the last five years or so, engineers at the Bell Labs in the U.S. and in Europe developed a switching system comparable in magnitude only with the fifth generation computer; the Japanese have yet to develop. These new digital switches may soon reduce the basic function of connecting parties—no small feat in Israel—to what one U.S. telephone engineer described as "a hobby."



"IF OTHERS give up their perks we'll give up ours." So say the workers of the Israel Electricity Company (IEC), who enjoy the biggest perk of all: an unlimited amount of electricity almost free of charge. (They go on receiving this benefit when they retire, and their widows after them.) What kind of perks and privileges do others get?

It depends what the phrase includes. If we are talking about goods which the workers themselves have a share in producing, it is a common practice to give those workers a discount on the price. The concession is modest, the company mostly charges them what the wholesalers pay. Bakers do more: their men take home as a gift two loaves a day, four on Fridays.



We are talking about firms producing consumer goods like food and garments. Is *aqua pura* a consumer good? Mekorot staff are granted a refund at year's end on their water-bills, though not a large one: \$33-\$50 per annum on drinking water, \$70-\$85 per annum on garden water.

Universities create something more intangible: higher education. Children of staff members – not only those who lecture, but also those who administer – get their tuition free of charge. Schooling, both primary and secondary, is gratis for all, so class-teachers have nothing to gain; but there are always sabbaticals. All instructors in the land, from professors down to schoolmasters, are allowed one year off in seven for further study.

Schoolteachers generally spend their sabbaticals inside the country. They contribute around one-quarter of the cost through deductions from their monthly pay.

El Al produces foreign travel. Air-line employees are entitled to trips with their families once a year at no charge. On additional journeys they rate a reduction on the fares amounting, for persons with maximum seniority, to a 90 per cent discount.

Moreover, they can enjoy while abroad the special low hotel-tariff authorized for aircrews on duty. On the other hand, they are only allowed aboard if there are empty seats; so the actual cost of the privilege to the airline is modest.

Egged members have a free pass for bus travel, including wife, progeny and up to two grandparents. "The prerogative isn't often used nowadays," says the spokesman of the cooperative. "It is understandable: they prefer to go by car."

NOT EVERY firm has a commodity to spare. Zim used to own passenger vessels, and free family trips on those boats were available to members of the shipping line – both sea-going and shore-based – once every two years. Now that Zim confines its service to cargo-vessels, the privilege has lapsed.

Hotel-wards – those wanting to be hotel-wards for a change – enjoy a 25 per cent rebate on their bills whenever they choose to stay world-wide. What does this mean? (If it is ungenerous, it is needed) that this business of perks is by no means confined to Israel. Industries on the payroll of a nation's government are entitled to perks – they can lodge anywhere in the world chain, here or abroad, free of charge, provided

## That extra something

DAVID KRIVINE looks at fringe benefits

(again) that there is a vacant room to spare.

The answer is to avoid seasonal peaks. The thought also occurs, if we let the imagination roam: an El Al steward (free trips) wedded to a reception-clerk at the Tel Aviv Hilton (free five-star hotels) could have quite a remarkable married life together.

Banks sell financial services for a consideration, bank personnel don't have to pay it. They are not charged ledger fees, or commission on traveller's cheques, or commission on the purchase of foreign currency (thus enjoying a slightly more favourable exchange-rate than other travellers), and can buy ordinary cheques, including those with their names printed on, at half-price.

They are granted low-interest loans for approved purposes like housing, home improvements, doctors' and dentists' bills. When a bank makes a public flotation of its shares, employees are entitled to buy a certain number at issue price.

Civil servants do not sell anything, but get privileges nevertheless: budgetary pensions (that is, pensions which require no monthly contribution from salaries), cheap loans from their own bank Yahav, a price reduction of one-half on the installation of their telephone, 50 free phone-calls a month (a minimum for all civil servants), and insurance against personal accidents.

**INSURANCE AGAINST** accidents – is that a perk? If it is, then perks are innumerable, because each trade union and each works committee negotiates its own bounties, whether dental insurance, or 13th month pay, or a holiday-camp allowance for the children, or monthly vouchers for reduced-price food purchases at the supermarket, or car allowances for people whose work does not require them to travel, or a professional-literature allowance for employees who do not read professional literature, or free telephone calls for officials who make all their business calls at the office, or a clothing allowance for individuals wearing no different clothing from you and me.



These "goodies" are an alternative form of wage payment. They are substitutes for salary increases and were originally sought because salaries were taxable, whereas benefits in kind were not.

When in 1975 benefits in kind became taxable, they continued to be sought feverishly all the same. This time in a way of by-passing clamp-downs on salaries, the government as an employer often did not dare to give a straight wage increase to a particular group, however meritorious (or however tough their representatives were at the bargaining-table), because if they got it other workers' groups would demand the same.

Wage scales would therefore be left unchanged and indirect benefits

added instead, sometimes with the connivance of the rival union, which recognized the need for an adjustment. It would not yield on the sacrosanct principle of wage parity, but might wink at a dispensation on the side.

Thus the doctors secured useful devices like extra duty-roster pay – and justifiably, because they deserved higher earnings. But often there was no justification. The combination of weak-kneed management and a bullying workers' committee yielded special favours of the kind that leave a sour taste in the mouth.

This happens most, needless to say, in monopolies, where the workers' position is strong. Most monopolies are in the hands of the government, where management is notably weak-kneed. So government monopolies are a happy hunting-ground for perks and privileges. Notable among them is the Israel Broadcasting Authority.

Staff members are exempt from radio or TV licence fees. But that is just a beginning. *Prima donna* attitudes have developed. Each department, feeling itself an elite, rules the roost. The studio technicians comprise a particularly vociferous interest-group.

AT THIS POINT we must offer a new definition. Wages are a day's pay for eight hours' work – all the rest are perks. If that classification is accepted, the technicians are doing very well. Once upon a time a BBC reporter interviewed me with a tape-recorder and nothing more. Modern equipment made the services of a technician unnecessary.

Kol Yisrael reporters had the same equipment, but continued to be cluttered with a technician as before, because the union said so.

If the reporter worked out of town, this meant collecting the technician, taking him by taxi (travel in the reporter's car did not provide the technician with adequate insurance), feeding him, lodging him where necessary, and bringing him back to his point of departure. Only then could the reporter go home.

It took eight years of negotiation to reach the so-called Sony accord, recently concluded. Even so, the deadly grip remains. Straight news reporting may henceforth be done without a technician. But if a documentary is under preparation, or if a team is sent overseas to cover, say, the Olympic Games, technicians must still be attached, whether they are needed or not.

This is a perk, and an expensive one. Reporting programmes in the studios begin at 10 a.m., but technicians report in at 8 a.m. and their pay starts from then. ("Not that they actually come at 8 a.m.," a senior official observes wryly.) The first shift of the day ends at 2 p.m. The second shift starts at 12 noon. Not surprisingly, the technicians earn a lot of overtime (per diem?).

Two technicians used to be needed for video-tape editing. The service switched from two technicians to a more compact system using one-tick tapes, and the necessities only one technician. Two continue to defend the technicians' perk is the right to earn money for doing nothing.

ORDINARY CITIZENS enjoy a

pension equal to 2 per cent per annum of their wage. Knesset members receive 4 per cent (but up to the same ceiling of 70 per cent). Moreover, pensions are normally paid from the age of retirement, which is 65. A parliamentarian gets his as soon as he loses his seat in the chamber.

His wage is \$1,840 a month (I use the dollar for the sake of clarity). Since the Knesset agreed to a 10 per cent cut this year as part of the national economy drive, the sum he gets is currently \$1,660. But his total earnings come to much more if we translate the value of his pension into income terms. How much more depends on his length of term in office.

A person who fails to be re-elected after a four-year term, like Shmuel Flatto-Sharon, is best off. He would be getting (according to my reckoning) \$295 a month, or 16 per cent of his salary, for the rest of his life. By contrast a successful politician who stays in the Knesset till retiring age (and beyond, like Abba Eban and Yosef Burg) is no better off than other Israelis.

Similarly with free phone calls. Knesset members are permitted the equivalent of 2,000 three-minute local calls a month. This is an understandable facility while they are sitting members, and the Ebans and the Burgs are unlikely to make a profit on the deal. But those who leave the Knesset in good time and draw an early pension continue to enjoy free phone-calls until the end of days.

A word about taxation. Persons making a monthly contribution to their pension fund are tax-exempt on that contribution. So in effect are the civil servants who get a budgetary pension, since the monthly "contribution" is paid by the government on their behalf.

Knesset members get tax exemption on a larger monthly "contribution" – large enough to earn them a 4 per cent pension. If another citizen also wanted a 4 per cent pension, he would be free to increase his monthly contribution to the requisite amount, but would not get a tax exemption on the increase, as Knesset members (in effect) do.

The army and police have a tax advantage as well. Career personnel pay a greatly reduced *amana* levy (local rates), so enjoy municipal services on the cheap. This privilege, we learn, is to be revoked as part of the government's belt-tightening programme.

IS IT POSSIBLE to abolish all privileges, as the IEC workers' committee suggest – including free electricity? There is a way, suggested by the Ben-Shahar committee on tax reform 10 years ago: tax all perks as if they were income. The government adopted that recommendation at the time.

The advantage of the above arrangement is that gifts in kind which are not tax-exempt may as well be given in cash form and then they become part of the ordinary wage. The shortcoming is that not all bestowals can be bought in the fiscal net, usually because they are small and dispersed, e.g., the right to buy certain commodities at a discount.

Anyway, workers' committees manage 12 busy days to pass the buck. IEC personnel are supposed

to pay tax on their free electricity. In the event they do not pay it, the company pays it for them. The staff continues to receive free electricity exactly as before, only at a greater cost to the company.

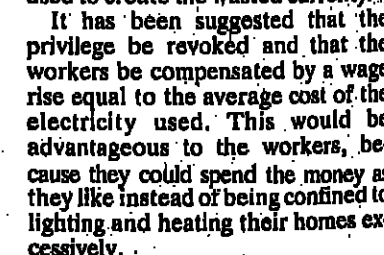
The cost to the company of free electricity for 10,000 workers and ex-workers is officially given as \$50 a month (on the average) per person, or \$6m. a year. The company pays more than that since it has to gross up the tax. An informed source estimates the total cost as \$8m. a year, which works out at close to \$70 a head per month.

Free electricity is in a class by itself for a number of reasons. One of them is that there is no quantitative limit. Employees of the IEC are entitled to use as much electricity as they like. The more they use, the greater their income – and the smaller the tax they pay as a proportion of total earnings.



The system provides a financial incentive to waste. The worker who introduces a central-heating system in his flat powered by electricity, and who keeps the system going day and night during the winter, is giving himself a bigger income than his more frugal colleague – at the expense of that colleague (who as a taxpayer has to finance the IEC's deficits); and of the country's foreign currency reserves (which are depleted by the dollar cost of the fuel used to create the wasted current).

It has been suggested that the privilege be revoked and that the workers be compensated by a wage rise equal to the average cost of the electricity used. This would be advantageous to the workers, because they could spend the money as they like instead of being confined to lighting and heating their homes excessively.



The workers are not interested. Two reasons spring to mind. One, a fixed wage cannot be expanded at will, as electricity consumption can be expanded at will. Two, the price of electricity keeps going up (in the past because oil prices went up; at present because IEC wages go up; in the future because the government will probably eliminate its subsidy). So the size of the benefit keeps going up; whereas the wage-equivalent would remain stable.

The only argument that IEC workers can plead to justify this act of extortion is that it was granted to them an age of time ago as a fringe benefit by the founder of the IEC (when the company was privately owned and was called by a different name).

Needless to say the uses of electricity in those days were limited and the benefit was worth pennies. But more than that, are old rights and entitlements valid forever?

"Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing for the eyes."

(Ecclesiastes, XI, 7)



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ISRAEL



HOWARD ROSENSTEIN is a fighter who is about to give up.

When Sharm el-Sheikh was little more than an exotic name at the end of a road to nowhere, Rosenstein, his wife Sharon and their one-year-old daughter Ayelet moved into a disused railway carriage at the tip of Na'ama Bay, right next to where the Marina Hotel was later to be built, and started a diving centre which they unimaginatively called Red Sea Divers.

Through one of the doors of what had been a freight carriage, they handed out masks and fins and told sceptical visitors that they were about to see the greatest show on Earth - the unique underworld of Sharm and the surrounding area.

With a tenacity that he must have picked up in his youth on the streets of Los Angeles, Rosenstein brought the message of the wonders of Sharm to the attention of the world; over 900 species of fish; bouquets of underwater coral, soft and hard, unsurpassed in variety and beauty; water so clear one can see the moon from a depth of over 100 feet; wrecks old and new; and an underwater topography that takes the diver on a swim through cliffs and canyons as impressive as anything on earth.

The Red Sea, and especially Sharm, became a new Israeli national treasure, and Rosenstein was its chief promoter.

The railway carriage soon became a diving centre with hot showers and a decent restaurant where one could get an ice-cold beer on an impossibly hot day.

A garden was planted, and investors were found to help purchase diving boats and equipment to get to places that had until then been beyond the reach of those who were only just beginning to discover the Red Sea.

He dropped anchoring facilities at Ras Mohammed, the reefs off the entrance to the Tiran Straits, and a dozen other places, exposing one of the richest undiscovered and unspoiled natural marine treasures known to man. He brought journalists and film-makers down; he wangled favourable stories in influential diving and tourism magazines; he worked out packages with local hotels and travel companies. National Geographic, NBC, CBS, BBC and camera crews from Japan and Canada arrived to film the area.

IT WAS AN uphill battle all the way. Sharm was out of the way, its administration and development were typical of all far-away places. There were three different addresses for every problem, and none of them was ever the right one. There were constant hassles with the tourism authorities who were never quite sure what the attitude of the investment authorities would be, given that the military administration had not yet taken a position, pending the recommendations of the navy.

Supplies were erratic, and would begin to rot if something went wrong with the refrigeration truck from Eilat. In the beginning, there were no stocks of supplies on hand. If a generator or a compressor broke down, Rosenstein went out of business until a new part arrived. Even after it arrived there would be the problem of finding a mechanic to install it.

But Rosenstein did not give up. Whatever money he made he ploughed back into the business, buying better boats, new compressors, more advertising, more spares. He watched the town of Ophira grow from nothing into little more than nothing, but at least a place that had schools, tennis courts, good hotels, a



## The Red Sea: the end of the affair?

Hirsh Goodman

youth hostel, banks, stores and garages. Around Na'ama Bay, where his railway carriage had once stood alone, there sprung new hotels and beach facilities, and a field school was built on the hill at the north-eastern tip of the bay across the way from his diving centre.

The volume of visitors increased gradually, as did the number of people who were out to make a quick buck. Dozens of yachts arrived at Na'ama Bay, operated by people who had no real awareness of the ecological damage the mass onslaught of unbridled underwater tourism was causing. They said nothing when corals and shells were plucked out of the sea; nor did they prevent clients, who were sometimes paying hundreds of dollars a day to charter their boats, from spearfishing.

BUT FOR Rosenstein the Red Sea was more than just a place to make money. In fact, he hardly made any money at all - certainly not more than the man who ran the grocery store down the road and did nothing to promote the place.

Rosenstein's love for Sharm remained. The pictures on the walls of his house are from the Red Sea; almost every memento is somehow connected with the area.

He made both fast friends and bitter enemies over the years. People are seldom ambivalent about

him. He fought hard in business, but he also fought hard for the things that mattered to him, and both Israel and the ecology of the area mattered to him.

He could control neither his irritation nor his temper with paid officials who were not doing their jobs, who used their government jeeps to drive women off into the desert and to remote beaches, instead of doing their jobs.

Of course, not all the officials were like that; but in the very special atmosphere around Sharm, the irresponsible ones tended to stick out more than they would have elsewhere.

For about eight years Rosenstein's life continued with a beat of its own, alternating between carefree days out at sea, diving and talking with interesting people from the four corners of the globe, and sleepless nights spent arguing and worrying about money.

AND THEN came the earthquake. In November 1977 Anwar Sadat visited Jerusalem and demanded the return of the land taken by Israel in the Six Day War. In return he offered Israel peace.

As usual the news took some time to get to Sharm, where there were no television sets, radio reception was poor, and newspapers were at least a day late. Rosenstein doesn't remember where he was when the rest of the country was watching Sadat's arrival at Ben-Gurion Airport with mesmerized interest.

And even when, after 16 months of haggling, the peace treaty was finally signed, it remained unreal for Rosenstein and the others in Sharm. The two years they were given to pack up seemed like a long time. The year after the signing of the peace treaty was, financially, one of Red Sea Divers' best periods.

But as the reality of withdrawal set in, so did confusion about options for the future. No matter what the government paid out in compensation, it would be impossible to replace Sharm and the kind of life it offered. Unlike the residents of Yamit, who owned their houses, the Israelis at Sharm were allowed only to rent from the development authority. They were therefore not entitled to direct compensation for the homes they were to give up, and the monies made available could hardly buy equivalent accommodation in one of the towns up north.

The story of compensation for the Sinai settlers comprises some of the most inefficient, irrational and unjust bureaucratic decisions ever made by Israel's civil service. Promises were often broken; sums awarded tended to reflect personal or collective political clout rather than careful study.

Some people did extraordinarily well; others came out with just enough to start again elsewhere.

A FEW tried to cling to the region by moving to similar environments, like the new settlers who moved into Pithat Shalom, just across the international border from the sandy

north-western region of Sinai they had just left.

Unfortunately, they chose to go and make a new desert bloom at a time when Israeli agriculture ran into serious economic difficulties; when the government in power concentrated almost exclusively on settling Judea and Samaria.

Rosenstein had the added misfortune of not being able to deal with his years in Sinai as a closed chapter. He felt he had invested too much of himself in something that meant too much to him: he couldn't just give up and go away. And why should he? He had been evicted as a result of peace, not war. Why should an Israeli not still be able to run a business down in Sharm if there was peace? He was prepared to consider co-ownership or some form of joint management with the Egyptians. Could not Red Sea Divers become a model of cooperation that demonstrated what peace was all about?

ACCORDINGLY, well before the pull-back, Rosenstein started working. He directed all his energies into trying to extract the best compensation agreement possible, but into trying to set up a new format that would not only symbolize peace, but also provide living testimony of the meaning of peace.

He elbowed his way into the Israeli-Egyptian talks, making himself known to negotiators on both sides. He travelled to and from Egypt, spending hours speaking to

Egyptian businessmen who could see the economic benefits of keeping Sharm open to the 40,000 Israeli divers who visited the area each year. Rosenstein also proved to be a key factor in writing the tourism clauses into the appendices of the peace treaty, specifying that the Red Sea coast would be open to Israelis. Or so he thought.

He used his contacts to reach Sadat's son, a keen diver, and to get the Ras Mohammed area declared a nature preserve, which would protect it from those who used dynamite for fishing and were destroying reef tables millions of years old. He used his good relations with diplomats and journalists to get to see the people he needed to see, and at the same time tried to find partners for his future joint venture.

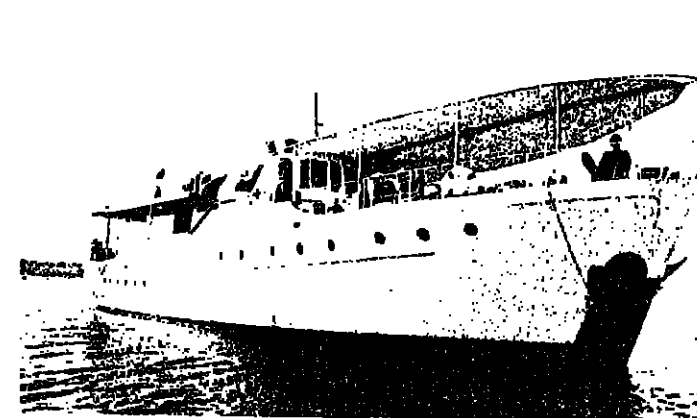
But there was to be no joint venture. The Egyptians were determined to restore sovereignty to all of Sinai, and that meant total Egyptian management of all tourism projects and everything else.

Rosenstein and his partners sold Red Sea Divers' lock, stock and barrel to the Egyptians - everything, including the boats, the diving equipment and the jetty. Even the sign on the side of the white, squat building was left behind.

He bought a house at Hofit and moved his wife and family into it. If he could not actually operate on the shore of the Red Sea, he could at least sail a diving boat from the new marina in Eilat.

Always the optimist, Rosenstein began to develop a new argument. Eilat, he told the officials he was now cornering, stood on three economic pillars: the port, which was at a standstill; the copper mines at Timna, which were on the verge of collapse; and tourism.

Since Eilat had very little to offer by itself, its own shore being small and crowded with port and naval facilities, it would only become a major tourist centre if it served as a gateway to the Red Sea and Sinai. The peace agreements, he said, made such a possibility very real.



The Fantasea; Rosenstein (left) with Egyptian officer and skipper Yehuda.



APPARENTLY Rosenstein had more faith in the officials he approached than they had in themselves. While he was off buying a 85ft., 70-ton yacht with twin 300 H.P. Rolls-Royce engines, Israeli officials were unable to prevent the dream of peace being reduced to the dry legalese of a contract.

Rosenstein bought the Fantasea, as he called his yacht, counting on compensation that had been promised him, and invested some \$50,000 in re-fitting the ship to cater to the exclusive clientele he had already lined up for diving expeditions to the Red Sea, relying on an understanding with the Tourism Ministry and with the development authority that he would receive a preferred loan on his investment.

What happened was that the gov-

ernment did not come through with the promised compensation for goodwill (this issue is still up for arbitration if the correct forum can ever be found); and the preferred loan, when it did eventually come through a year later, was in unlinked shekels, giving Rosenstein less than half of what he had originally invested.

Today Rosenstein is the owner of a house he is unable to complete, running a diving enterprise in the Red Sea whose success does not depend on the standard of service he can offer, but on the goodwill of individual Egyptian officers who come to take over the various regional commands of the Sinai Red Sea coast and who differ in their interpretation of Rosenstein's right to dive off the Sinai coast.

Sometimes the Fantasea is allowed to anchor off dive spots. But often Egyptian coastguard speedboats dash out to anchored diving boats to examine papers; invariably, they find something wrong with them. More than once, skippers and crew have been arrested for questioning, leaving foreign guests, who have paid thousands of dollars for a week of diving, wondering whether the Red Sea is the right place for their holidays.

COMPLAINTS and appeals to those in Israel who are supposed to be the guardians of the peace treaty either go unanswered or are filed away with promises that something will be done. Some Foreign Ministry officials have shown sympathy, but have proved unable to deal with the problem, while others just avoid the issue.

Again Rosenstein is running around knocking on doors of those he knows, trying to get something worked out. The Egyptians have now closed off Marsa Bureika, Na'ama Bay and other areas without explanation. If an Israeli diving boat intends to drop off divers at Nuweiba, it first has to go into port in Sharm, pay an entry fee of \$100, and then sail back up the gulf. For some reason the area around Dahab has now become sensitive.

In addition to his problems with the Egyptians, the government, his builder and his bank, Rosenstein is faced with fierce and not always clean competition from the dozens of diving boat operators who have moved into Eilat, as well as those who work out of Sharm. They all cater to a limited market and operate in a complicated environment.

But it is not the competition that Rosenstein minds; it is the fact that almost all his energies are being diverted into trying to get government officials in Israel and Egypt to allow him and his competitors to bring tourists to the Red Sea - something both logically welcome.

He would sell his house and write off his battle for compensation if he could have an environment he could work in, he says. He would even

forget about the investment incentive loan that turned out to be one of the most expensive deals he ever made. If only he could work.

Bent over a cup of coffee in the lobby of a hotel overlooking the Tel Aviv marina the other day, this man I have known for over a decade seemed to have aged tremendously. He was taking orders for trips for the coming season, not knowing whether he would be able to carry them out. He is pumping money he does not have into improving a boat he does not know he will be able to use. He is spending heavily on advertising to promote a product he does not know he will be able to sell.

ROSENSTEIN and his wife Sharon came on aliyah because they were told it was the Zionist thing to do; he went to Nuweiba and later to Sharm before almost anyone else because he was told it was the pioneering thing to do; he packed up a flourishing business and a home in Sharm because it was what the government told him to do; he tried to develop the strands that were to bind Israel and Egypt in peace because it was the ideology of the time. And when that broke down he sought alternative routes.

Through the fog of disillusionment he has maintained a business that is a credit to Israel. His boat is sailed by a highly qualified staff that currently includes a skipper who has dozens of years of sea experience, a professional dive master and a chef who studied at one of Canada's finest institutions. Rosenstein himself accompanies almost every charter; and there is no need to dwell on the toll these extended absences can have on one's family life.

But unlike those early days in Sharm, when he felt that each hardship overcome was another brick in the foundations of something worthwhile, each hassle now is just another hassle along a path leading to nowhere.

In the eyes of many people, including himself, Howard Rosenstein is the personification of a dream destroyed.

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(Above) Apples for sale on the Gesia Ulica, one of the main streets in Warsaw's Jewish Quarter, 1937. (Below) Schoolboy with a toothache carrying tattered schoolbook. Slonim, 1937.



## THE POETRY OF POVERTY

Meir Ronnen

THIS TUESDAY the Israel Museum presents a remarkable document: 65 extraordinarily poetic and touching photographs of largely poverty stricken East European Orthodox Jews, made between 1935-39 by Dr. Roman Vishniac, during a number of very courageous trips through Poland, Czechoslovakia and Austria.

Vishniac did not turn to photographing the non-Orthodox or the Jewish middle class; he set out to document what had happened to the Jewish masses beggared by the Polish government's economic boycott of the Jews, when, overnight, clerks, shopkeepers and peddlers were impoverished and turned out of their homes; and to the Jews of Polish origin driven out of Germany by the Nazis in 1938.

Most of Vishniac's 16,000 photographs were confiscated; negatives survived, concealed by his father, who went into hiding in France. Many of them were published in Vishniac's remarkable book "A Vanished World," from which this show takes its name (and reviewed in *The Post* on May 2, 1984); but half of the photos in this show did not appear in the book.

Roman Vishniac, who holds degrees in medicine, biology, zoology and oriental art, was born near St. Petersburg in 1897 and served in an agitprop unit of the Red Army before escaping with his well-to-do parents to Berlin. Living in Germany, he had no doubts about what Nazism held in store for European Jewry. He felt that the Orthodox

poor were the most obvious and vulnerable target and he set out to document how they lived and studied and survived. Along the way, in Carpathia-Ruthenia and Slovakia, he also encountered healthier looking Orthodox Jews raising cattle and geese on farms, or working as loggers.

Vishniac left Berlin for the south of France in 1939 and escaped to the U.S. in 1941. He eventually became Professor of Biology at New York's City College and at the school of medicine of Yeshiva University and is renowned for his scientific photographs - and films - of microorganisms. One of his CINE Award-winning films was screened here during one of his many visits to this country. He has in the past presented a set of his films to the Museum of Science at Ramat Aviv. Now 87, he is here for the opening of his show at the Israel Museum.

Many years passed before Vishniac was reunited with his father and his negatives; and he seems to have had some understandable difficulty in remembering where all of them were taken. An anonymous critic took him to task in these columns last May, but the few known discrepancies and revisions seem to have arisen only because of Vishniac's own desire to get everything right. Vishniac sets great store by his captions; to him they are part of the story. From a documentary point of

view he is probably right. The anonymous critic also questioned Vishniac's claim to have used a concealed camera at times, in order to overcome Orthodox objections. Seems obvious that not all the Orthodox were unwilling; some of Vishniac's subjects seem happy enough at being photographed. The suit-camera was clearly not always necessary.

Looking at these marvelous, fascinating, moving photographs, one dismisses all the nit-picking - and perhaps even some of the captions as irrelevant. Nevertheless, it is necessary to know that it's a staged shopkeeper who has been locked out of his own premises; or that the school children standing patiently in line are awaiting their turn to enter the ritual bath.

Here are the yeshiva and talmudic city urchins, the pathetic beggars, the clerks turned beasts of burden, the bearded fathers carrying water from the street pump to tenement basement where the children come up for air like moles from a warren. Here are the Jews of Warsaw and Cracow and Mukachevo, who wore the badge of the Jewishness more openly than any other class of European Jew. In the face of cold and hunger and oppression, some are still cheerful.

This moving exhibit was sponsored by Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Rose and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Gould on New York and will be shown in the Goldman-Schwartz gallery for the next three months.

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

## POST PULLOUT GUIDE

### The Poster

#### FOR CHILDREN

##### Jerusalem

**THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO** - Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday, Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

**PETER AND THE WOLF** - Wooden puppets with Eric Smith. For ages 4-8. (Gerard Behar, Thursday at 10:30 a.m.)

**THE PHILHARMONIC BRASS TRIO** - Trumpet, horn, trombone. From Baroque to jazz. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4:14 p.m.)

**SCENT OF COOKING** - Puppet theatre for ages 4 and above. (Beit Agon, Thursday at 11 a.m.)

**SHE MET A GOAT** - Musical theatre for ages 12-18. (Jerusalem Theatre, Thursday at 4:30 p.m.)

**STORY-TELLING HOUR** - For ages 4-6. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

**THE WAY BEHIND THE SHADOW** - Puppet theatre for ages 4-7. The story of a kind monster. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 11:30 a.m.)

**WHO KNOWS THE MAN IN THE WALL?** - Musical puppet show for ages 3-12. (Train Theatre, Monday at 4:30 p.m.)

**WILD SWANS** - By Hans Christian Andersen. Puppet Theatre for ages 8 and above. (Train Theatre, Thursday at 11 a.m., 4 p.m.)

**THE WIZARD OF OZ** - Theatre. (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday at 4:30 p.m.)

**Tel Aviv area**  
**HANUKKA STORY TIME** - (Beit Aricha, 25 Shaul Hamelech, Tuesday at 5 p.m.)

**KING SOLOMON'S LEGENDS** - Theatre based on stories by Haim 47. Tel Aviv Museum, Thursday at 11 a.m.)

**PANTOMIME** - With Yoram Hoker. (Old Jaffa, Hasmith, Thursday at 9 and 11 a.m.)

**THE PRINCESS WHO DIDN'T LAUGH** - A legend. (Old Jaffa, Hasmith, tomorrow at 12:30 p.m.)

**SONGS AND STORIES THAT I LOVED** - Motti Barkan in a presentation of song, sound and theatre. For ages 5-12. Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 11:30 a.m.)

**UZI AND CHOMPI** - Songs and games from the TV series. (Old Jaffa, Hasmith, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

**WHO KNOWS THE MAN IN THE WALL?** - (Beit Leissin, Thursday at 11 a.m., 4 p.m.)

#### MUSIC

All programmes start at 8:30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

##### Jerusalem

**MORNING OF RACH SONATAS** - Ruman Eylon, flute; David Shemer, harpsichord. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11:11 a.m.)

**THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA** - Conductor Raymond Leppard. Soloists: Akiba Weissenberg, piano; Sheila Armstrong, soprano; David Britton, tenor. Works by Purcell, Brahms. (Binyanei Ha'uma, Sunday)

**BEETHOVEN SONATAS AND VARIATIONS** - Uri Wiesel, cello; Pinna Saltzman, piano. (Israel Museum, Monday)

**THE ISRAEL SINFONETTA, BEERSHEBA** - Conductor Christopher Simon. With the Israel Trio: Alexander Volkov, piano; Menahem Breuer, violin; Marcel Bagman, cello. Works by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Elgar, Mozart. (YMCA, Monday)

**JERUSALEM MADRIGAL SINGERS** - Excerpts from Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus." Renaissance, classical, 20th century music and folk songs. (Zionia Confederation House, off Beit Bitta St., Yermi Moshe, Wednesday at 6 p.m.)

**THE JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA** - Conductor Gary Bertini. Soloist George Malcolm, harpsichord. The six Brandenburg Concertos by Bach. (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

**ETNAHTA SERIES** - Raya Shapiro, soprano; Rima Nudelman, piano. Works by Bach, Kopytman, Shostakovich, Shumakov.

**CHRISTMAS CONCERT** - Elisabeth Rohlf, organ. With the David Teller Cello Ensemble, soprano; Shlomo Tuller, recorder; Yuliana Shayer, guitar. (Redeemer Church, Old City, Thursday)

**Tel Aviv area**  
**BEETHOVEN SONATAS** - See Jerusalem. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

**THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA** - See Jerusalem. (Mann Auditorium, tomorrow through Thursday)

**THE CAMERATA TRIO** - With Eli Heifetz, clarinet; Emanuel Gruber, cello; Akiba Boguslavsky, piano. With guest artists. Programme of American music. (Beit Aricha, 25 Shaul Hamelech, Wednesday)

**Haifa**  
**CHURCH CONCERT** - Eli Freud, organ; Yara Wine, flute. (Stella Maria Church, Tuesday at 7:30 p.m.)

**Others**  
**PIANO AND SOPRANO RECITAL** - Anat Sharon and Lili Levin. Arias and songs by Handel, Poulenc, Brahms, Copland, Mozart and others. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tonight at 10 p.m.)

**RECITAL** - Walter Reiter, Baroque violin; Zvi Menaker, harpsichord. Works by Vivaldi, Bach, Mozart, Sweelinck. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

**THE ISRAEL SINFONETTA** - See Jerusalem. (Beersheba, Conservatorium, tomorrow, Sunday, Tuesday; Ashkelon, Yad LeCholim, Wednesday; Kfar Sava, Hechal Haharut, Thursday)

**THE NETANYA ORCHESTRA** - Conductor Samuel Lovic. Soloist Akiba Boguslavsky, piano. Works by Rachmaninoff, Strauss, MacCagni, Rossini, Borodin

**TWO-PART CONCERT** - Zvi Marcus, trombone. Works by Vivaldi, Bach, Dan Yehosh, Non Guy, Lili Wolnerman, flute; Marek Elrich, flute; Ofra Simon, piano. Works for two flutes and piano. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, Tuesday at 9:30 p.m.)

#### DANCE

##### Jerusalem

**FLAMENCO** - With a Spanish group plus guest artist Dalia Low. (Gerard Behar, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

**Tel Aviv area**  
**FLAMENCO** - (Neve Zedek, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

**INBAL DANCE THEATRE** - Steps and Sounds. (Neve Zedek, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

**Haifa**  
**FLAMENCO** - (Shufit, tonight at 10 p.m.)



The Red Army in the U.S. - scene from John Milius' "Red Dawn" - cinema reviews, page C

#### ENTERTAINMENT

##### Jerusalem

**ADVENTURES IN JAZZ** - With well-known musicians. (Pargol, tonight at 1:30 p.m., Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)

**THE BEST OF SHALOM ALICHICHEM** - Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Hilton, tonight at 9:30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

**A BOUQUET FOR SASHA ARGOV** - A selection of his songs by Matt Caspi and others. (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

**DANCE** - Shlomo Ariz's new programme. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

**JAZZ SPECIAL** - Chris France, saxophone and flute; Charles Alexander, guitar; Eli Magen, bass; Menahem Weissenberg, piano; Jerry Garvel, drums and percussion. (Zionia Confederation House, Emile Beit Bitta St., Yermi Moshe, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

**JAZZ** - Freddie Weigal, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Gladstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nabul Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

**MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA** - With new Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mitz Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

**MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA** - Hasmith rock with Salah. (Israel Centre, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

**Tel Aviv area**  
**BETWEEN BELLS** - Musical about a school. (Beit Leissin, tonight at 9:30 p.m.)

**COMMON LANGUAGE** - New variations of old songs. (Old Jaffa, Hasmith, tonight at midnight)

**ELECTRONIC SUMMER** - With Tzavta Pk. (Givataim, Shufit, tonight at 10 p.m.; Beit Lehayal, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

**INNOCENT OF CRIME** - Danny Sanderson's new solo show. (Tzavta, tonight at 9:30 p.m., midnight)

**JAZZ SPECIAL** - See Jerusalem. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Sunday at 10 p.m.)

**JAZZ** - Danny Gottfried, piano; Albert Diamant, flute; Chaimi; Teddy Klump, cello contrabass. (Cafe Piz, 83 Hayarkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

**THE MAGICAL TRIO** - Jazz with Michael Greenblatt, Itzhak Ziv, Zivya Bat-Yehuda. (Dan Hotel, Monday at 8 p.m.)

**SONGS OF ERETZ ISRAEL** - With Nidham Heman and guests. (ZOA House, 1 Trich, tonight at 10 p.m., Thursday at 9:30 p.m.)

**Haifa**  
**JAZZ SPECIAL** - See Jerusalem. (Nada, Beit Rothschild, tonight at 10 p.m., Hama Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

**Others**  
**APPLES OF GOLD** - Colour documentary film, recounting the rise of the State of Israel. (Edut, Meretz Hotel, Tuesday, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

#### THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

##### Jerusalem

**ALL THE GAILLEANS** - El-Hakawa Theatre production about Palestinian identity. (Arabic English translation available). (El-Hakawa, near intersection of Salah ed-Din St. and Nabul Road, Sunday at 7 p.m.)

**ALL MY SONS EXCEPT NAOMI** - Ben Leissin production. A satirical beach society. (Gerard Behar, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

**"BOYCHA"** - Hala Shmougal Theatre production. A yeshiva student renounces religion. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

**MARGUERITE AND FAUST** - The eternal legend of Faust interpreted by Paul Silber and Lira Harris. (Pargol, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

**SHE WASN'T HERE** - A woman's past becomes her present reality. (Pargol, Monday at 9 p.m.)

**"SHEM"** - The passions and struggles of 3 smith workers. (Pargol, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

**"FEHLA"** - By Shm Agnon. Khan Theatre production. A combination of variegated Jerusalem characters. (Khan Theatre, tomorrow through Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

**ALL MY SONS EXCEPT NAOMI** - See Jerusalem. (Beit Leissin, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

**AMERICAN BUFFALO** - By David Momet. Ben Leissin production. A portrayal of people living on the borderline of the wilderness. (Beit Leissin, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS** - By Neil Simon. Hasmith production. Comedy and suspense in the memories of Ben-Aharon in 1937. (Hasmith, Large Hall, Tuesday through Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

**THE BRITISH WAY OF LIFE** - Michael Alper in an evening of British humour. (In English). (ZOA House, 1 Trich, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

**THE DANCE OF GENGBIN COHEN** - Ben Leissin production. A Jew and a Nazi veteran in Germany in the 1950s. (Beit Leissin, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

**DANCE SCHOOL** - By Nathan Zach. Camera production. About various life experiences one goes through. (Tzavta, Wednesday, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

**THE DOLL'S HOUSE** - By Ibsen. Hasmith production. About various life experiences one goes through. (Hasmith, Small Hall, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m., Sunday at 8:30 p.m.)

**THE FALL** - By Albert Camus. Hasmith production. The rise and fall of a Parisian lawyer. (Old Jaffa, Hasmith, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

**THE INTELLECTUAL, THE WHORE AND THE CLOWN** - Mini-musical. Hasmith production. (Old Jaffa, Hasmith, tonight at 10 p.m.)

**INTIMACY** - By Scribe. Hasmith production. Two women friends and their complicated relations with men. (Old Jaffa, Hasmith, tomorrow at 8:45 p.m.)

**KREUTZER SONATA** - By Leo Tolstoy. Ben Leissin production. A study of sex and passion. (Holon, Monday, tonight at 10 p.m.; Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

**LIES** - Camera production. About the life and love between two families. (In Hebrew). (Holon, Monday through Wednesday at 8:30 p.m., Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

**MEASURE FOR MEASURE** - Comedy. By Shakespeare. Produced by the Camera Theatre. (In Hebrew, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

**NEVEH NISALCHA** - (New Zedek production. A war film. (Neve Zedek Theatre, tonight at 10 p.m., tomorrow through Monday at 9 p.m.)

**NIGHT PEOPLE** - Short stories by Saul Mitznitsky. (Tzavta production. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

**PANADORA** - Israeli play about a tiny night in a complex life. Tzavta production. (Tzavta, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

(Continued on page C)

## JERUSALEM Cinemas

### CINEMA 1

Double feature / 1 ticket  
**RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK**  
 YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE

Sat., Dec. 14 at 2.30  
**THE HEART**  
**FRITZ THE CAT** 7.30  
**YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN** 9.15

**BET AGRON**  
 March Schaver Auditorium  
 And week  
 George Orwell's  
**1984**

**RICHARD BURTON** in his best  
 screen performance  
**JOHN HURT**  
 Based on the George Orwell's  
 novel  
 Sat. 7.30  
**THE HEART** 7.30  
**YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN** 9.15

**EDEN**  
**MISSING IN ACTION**  
 Sat. 7.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30  
 Tickets Sun., Wed. 19850

**EDISON**  
**WOMAN IN RED**  
 Sat. 7.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30  
 Tickets Sun., Wed. 19850

**HAIFA**  
**THE BOUNTY**  
 Sat. 7.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30  
 Tickets Sun., Wed. 19850

**ISRAEL MUSEUM**  
 Sat. 3.30  
 Requiem  
 Sun. 4.30  
**THE FOX AND THE HOUND**  
 Wed., Thur. 3.30  
**CINDERELLA**

**Kfir**  
**BROADWAY DANNY ROSE**  
 Sat. 7.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30  
 Tickets Sun., Wed. 19850

**MITCHELL**  
**CARMEN**  
 Sat. and weekdays 6.30, 9.15  
 Wed., Thur. no shows

**ORGIL**  
**SPLASH**  
 Sat. 7.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30  
 Tickets Sun., Wed. 19850

**ORION**  
**GHOST BUSTERS**  
 They're Here to Save the World  
 Sat. 7.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

**ORNA** Tel. 224733  
**TIGHTROPE**  
 Sat. and weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30  
 Mid. 4.30  
**RAGE AND GLORY** (mat.)

**RON**  
**BEYOND THE WALLS**  
 Sat. 7.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

## SEMADAR

2nd week  
**A SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY**  
 Sat. and Weekdays 7.15, 9.15

**SMALL AUDITORIUM**  
**BINYENIA UMIA**  
 2nd week  
**ATALIA**  
 Sat. and Weekdays 7.30, 9.30  
 Tickets Sun., Wed. 19850

**TEL AVIV Cinemas**

**ALLENBY**  
**POUR UNE POIGNEE DE DOLLARS**  
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

**BEN-YEHODA**  
**WOMAN IN RED**  
 Tonight 10.12  
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

**BETH HATEFUTSOH**  
**RABBI ABRAHAM IN THE WILD WEST**  
 Sat. 7.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

**CHEN 1**  
**TIGHT ROPE**  
 Fri. 9.30 p.m., 12.15 p.m.  
 Sat. 7.30, 9.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.20, 9.40

**CHEN 2**  
**REUBEN REUBEN**  
 Tonight 10.12  
 Sat. 7.30, 9.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.20, 9.40

**CHEN 3**  
**20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA**  
 Thu. 11 a.m., 2 p.m.  
 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

**CHEN 4**  
**ROMANCING THE STONE**  
 Tonight 9.30, 12.15  
 Sat. 7.30, 9.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.20, 9.40

**CHEN 5**  
**SPLASH**  
 Tonight 9.30, 12.30  
 Sat. 7.30, 9.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.20, 9.40

## CINEMA ONE

**GREY DAWN**  
 Fri. 10 p.m.  
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

**CINEMA TWO**  
**BLUES BROTHERS**  
 Fri. 10 p.m.  
 Sat. 7.30, 9.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

**DEKEL**  
**TROUBLE IN PARADISE**  
 Sat. and weekdays 7.30, 9.30

**DRIVE-IN**  
**MARIA'S LOVERS**  
 Fri. 10 p.m.  
 Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

**ESTHER** Tel. 225610  
**ELECTRIC DREAMS**  
 Tonight 10 p.m.  
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

**HOD**  
**TOP SECRET**  
 Fri. 10 p.m.  
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

**NEW CINEMA**  
**GOLDEN GATE**  
 Tel. 244373

**87 BEN YEHUDA**  
**CHEN 1**  
**TIGHT ROPE**  
 Fri. 9.30 p.m., 12.15 p.m.  
 Sat. 7.30, 9.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.20, 9.40

**CHEN 2**  
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**SPLASH**  
 Tonight 9.30, 12.30  
 Sat. 7.30, 9.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.20, 9.40

**CHEN 6**  
**GHOST BUSTERS**  
 Tonight 10 p.m.  
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

**CHEN 7**  
**THE KARATE KID**  
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

**CHEN 8**  
**THE DRESSER**  
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

**CHEN 9**  
**THE KARATE KID**  
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 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

**CHEN 10**  
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(Continued from page C)  
would not be tempted by any *Star Wars* features into a denaturation of the original.

That was five years ago, Rosenblum tried to put together the production, offered several well-known directors a chance to have a go at it (among them Francis Ford Coppola, Milos Forman and Hal Ashby) and, after being turned down by them, finally settled on a British rookie, Michael Radford, whose only feature-film experience consisted of one modest but relatively successful melodrama entitled *Another Time, Another Place*. The production company, Virgin, is better known for its remarkable pop music recordings, while the producer himself, Simon Perry, used to be a movie-business analyst for the trade paper *Variety*. Maybe this is why 1984, as the film, is figuratively titled, overflows with some of the greatest intentions in the world but is memorable only for its respectability.

Indeed, director Michael Radford should be commended for his excessive earnestness. He sees himself bound by every hint, every indication given by the novel, not only limiting his own creative contribution, but stressing all the novel's shortcomings, without really enforcing its strong points.

For let's be honest. With the admiration for what has become, for lack of a better definition, a non-science fiction classic, *Nineteen Eighty-Four* was never strong either on plot or on visuals. Both are easily identifiable: they relate directly to the period in which the book was written, and are now very dated. The plot and the characters are derived from Orwell's impressions of the Soviet Union, the cult of personality being reflected in the Big Brother posters (in spite of Burgess' theory that these were inspired by a contemporary publicity campaign for English holiday camps).

As for the rubble in the streets, the bomb craters, the general dilapidation, the war that never ends, even the name of his hero, Winston Smith, the victim of English Socialism (Burgess for short), they are all traceable to post-war Britain, and the defeat of a certain Mr. Churchill at the hands of the Socialists after his victory on the battlefield.

USING THE sites described in the novel, the same gadgets and the same lack of basic comfort so prominently gives the film an oldish, faded look. Which is rather hard to swallow in the year 1984, when there is no resemblance between the physical world we see in the movie and the one we meet outside. It is as if we were being invited to watch a movie made in 1948, for, with admirable singleness of purpose, Radford and his crew have managed to ignore anything that has taken place since that time.

Even the techniques of breaking down personal resistance to a political regime have changed since that time, becoming either more sophisticated in those parts of the world professing to be democratic, or demonstrably more brutal in the rest of the world. Not to mention that nobody would now condone the splendid dismissal of the proletariat as an amorphous mass of clots.

The truth is that the novel's best features are most difficult to translate into film. "Newspeak" the device for controlling the world by controlling its language, is apparent only in print when the deletion of certain words and the unique construction of phrases necessary to the novel's futuristic language are explained.

The manipulation of the media in order to fashion reality according to the needs of the regime, and the changing of history as often as necessary to make it fit the latest requirements of the Party, are faithfully reflected in the movie, but here Radford stumbles on another obstacle. Orwell did not bother to go into much detail about the technological aspects of this control, and many things were left to the readers' imagination. That is all right in a novel, but it doesn't work out in a movie, where in order to be accepted things have to be shown up front and make sense.

Another of the novel's features



John Hurt as Winston, in 1984

and one that is still uncomfortably accurate, the logic of demagoguery, is also much more potent in print than in the spoken word. We hear only too often that "war is peace," "slavery is freedom," "truth lies" and so on, and unfortunately we are fed this kind of dubious profundity by political leaders every day of the week. Otherwise, how would South Africa justify apartheid, how would the Soviet Union explain Afghanistan and how would the U.S. pride itself on Pinochet? Not to mention examples nearer home.

On the written page, and given adequate demagogic reasoning, the terrifying enormity of these intellectual sleights of hand is immediately clear. When they are just throwaway lines in a movie, one is tempted to take them as so many witticisms, and no more.

All of which leads to one conclusion. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is a novel to be read, not necessarily to shoot as a film. If at all, it should have been updated somehow, not in the *Star Wars* style, agreed, but in the spirit of the realities that constitute our present world.

But if I find the concept of the film wrong, I have to admit that, once the concept is accepted, Radford and his team have been very thorough. The almost black and white images, the desolation of the background, the eternal posture of John Hurt as a loser (he may be milking his image a little too often), Richard Burton's keen efforts to show what a kind monster (to use his own definition) is like - all of this adds up to a downbeat, despairing picture of apocalypse.

I am not sure the world has any reason to be very optimistic nowadays, but when one comes out of the cinema and looks around, the first impulse is to say: "Thank goodness it's not like that in the real 1984." It may be worse. For all I know, the film may be doing a disservice by hailing us into a misleading sense of security. Orwell wasn't necessarily wrong all the way: he only has to be read with 1984 eyes and not, as Radford does, with eyes that have been stubbornly looking back to 1948.

AS WE ARE on the topic of apocalypse, one more taste of it is offered by John Milne in his *Red Dawn*. Milne is the darling of the American conservatives, a typical theoretician of the Reagan era, a

staunch believer in machoism, force and chauvinism. He has kept some of his impulses at bay in previous movies, in which he acted either as scriptwriter (Jeremiah Johnson, Apocalypse Now) or as writer-director (The Lion and the Wind, Dillinger). Now he allows his imagination to run amok in a ridiculous action movie, which would be negligible if it had not denoted a certain trend in the mood of America. For other wise, how could one explain its considerable box-office success there?

It is all about the treacherous Cubans who invade the U.S., with the assistance of the wicked Russians. These are indisputably the villains. On the other hand, there are a few red-blooded American boys - football stars, naturally - who will not condone such dastardly deeds. They grab some food and some weapons, go into the hills, and declare war on the miserable foreigners.

You can't imagine the amount of damage these untrained, teenage desperados manage to inflict on a well-organized army, which has, after all, defeated the Americans in conventional battles. Not only do they harass the conquerors, but soon they have sufficient weapons (how, nobody bothers to tell us) to move from small guerrilla attacks to daring operations, always coming out unscathed, until the movie reaches its required length; and then a tragic climax is supplied to show how determined true-blue Americans are.

Now, let me make certain things quite clear: I am not trying to make fun of people fighting for their country; I do not condone or applaud any sort of invasion into another people's land; and I certainly do not believe that the Russians are going to save the world, willy-nilly, peacefully if possible, if not, by force.

For these reasons I cannot accept the simplistic approach of those who start by saying that "we" are all brave, and "they" are all cowards; that "we" are all heroes, and "they" are all villains; that right is only on one side and wrong only on the other. And it does not matter who "we" are and who "they" are.

There is no worse danger than underestimating the enemy by regarding him as stupid, and one has to confess that the Cubano-Soviet coalition in *The Red Dawn* acts in the most helpless, stupid way. Otherwise the story couldn't have been kept alive for even half an hour.

There is also, no more annoying quality in a artist than to regard his audience as stupid. Sometimes it pays, but not for long. Milne, who in the past was very careful to build strong plots and even stronger characters, even when they were despicable, does a terribly sloppy job here. To start with, to imagine the U.S. brought to its knees by the Cubans is ludicrous enough. To ignore some of the most elementary components of any story dealing with illegal resistance, such as the day-to-day needs of the fighters, and their personal and logistic problems, is to take for granted something which is never easily solved, and quite often is the downfall of a resistance cell.

One is tempted to send Milne to another American macho hero, Ernest Hemingway, and his novel *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, but that would be almost desecration in this instance.

Finally, one is also tempted to tell the man that he may just be doing a service to his own enemies. For his brave fighters might be taken, in different conditions, to be the Vietnamese fighting the Americans or, God forbid, Lebanese resisting Israelis. That being so, maybe we should rejoice that the film is so bad.

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Mon. at 7 pm: *Moderato Cantabile*  
Dir.: Peter Brook  
9 pm: *Small Hall Switz Mtn*  
Dir.: John G. Blystone  
9:30 pm: *Que Viva Mexico*  
Tues. at 4 pm: *Beautiful People*  
7 pm: *Alexander Nevsky*  
9 pm: *Small Hall Les Jeux de L'Amour* Dir.: Philippe de Broca  
9:30 pm: *An evening in memory of Rehor (George) Ostrovsky*  
Wed. at 4 pm: *Moby Dick*  
7 pm: *The Cowards*  
Dir.: Avi Nesher  
9 pm: *Small Hall La Nola*  
9:30 pm: *American Gigolo*  
Dir.: Paul Schrader  
Thurs. at 4 pm: *The Good Earth*  
7 pm: *Ivan the Terrible (part a)*  
9:30 pm: *Ivan the Terrible (part b)*  
midnight: *Tommy*  
Fri. at 2 pm: *Le Bal*  
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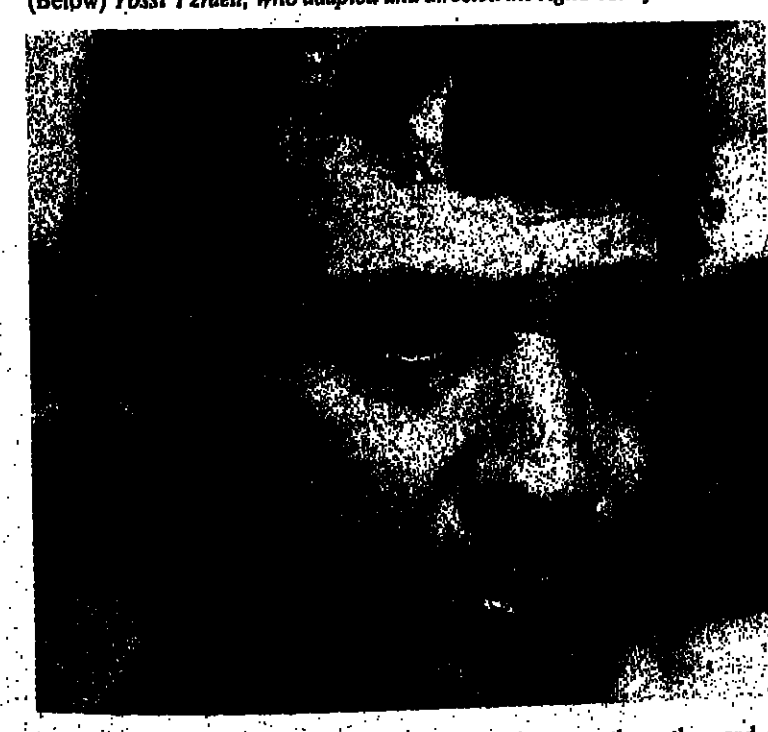
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# A nose for the unreal



Ora Meiron and Shabtai Konorty in "Tehila" at the Jerusalem Khan. (Below) Yossi Yzraeli, who adapted and directed the Agnon story.



## Marsha Pomerantz

AS THE AUDIENCE files into the Khan Theatre in Jerusalem, actor Shabtai Konorty sits up front gluing his nose on. Konorty plays the author in Yossi Yzraeli's version of *Tehila*, the story by S.Y. Agnon. He wears a suit and the usual apurtenances, but one of his shoes is white plastic and he has a white glove on his writing hand. He is half ghost, straddling the worlds of reality and fiction, text and drama. He is creator and creature.

At the end of the play, Konorty is back in his garret, taking off his nose. He releases a ceiling rock full of papers that flutter aimlessly to the floor as if to say it's an impossible role he plays: you can never tell the real story.

And what is the story of *Tehila*? Briefly and imperfectly, it is an en-

ing for it." He adds, in English: "The impossibility of the medium is the message."

Tehila, the character, leads a righteous life to mend what is broken. Agnon, perhaps, wrote to restore wholeness. Yzraeli transforms the material into theatre in another kind of restoration process. But what interests him most is the risk. He wants to work at the boundaries, "where the existence of the medium is threatened." Where one foot treads in black, let's say, and the other in white. This sense of the ungraspable pervades his view of Judaism, which he sees as "a culture of longing. One that has matured and knows there is nothing beyond longing." In Agnon, he finds a range between yearning for a past that has ended and desire for a future that cannot be: *haradai hahmatza*, anxiety over unfulfilled potential. "This is a culture that received a contract *l'niken et ha'alam* - to right the wrongs of the world. Which is, to start with, impossible."

Zionism too, says Yzraeli, was basically a drive toward the spiritual perfection of the world. "Today it's a real-estate movement."

Yzraeli, 45, grew up within walking distance of the Khan, studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London, at Bristol University and Carnegie-Mellon in the U.S. He is thin, incisive, frenetic. Sitting on the stage after rehearsal, a week before opening night, he gestures and flails and starts 10 words for every three he finishes, alternately berating and encouraging the cast.

THE KHAN, the capital's only repertory theatre, has been through a series of financial, administrative and artistic crises in the last few years. When Yzraeli was selected about six months ago as successor to Ada Ben-Nahum, he made it clear that he wanted to choose the members of the group himself.

He refused to renew the contracts of some of the Khan's most senior actors; others quit, and the actors union and the performing artists' association protested vehemently. Today, Shabtai Konorty is the only one of the "old guard" left. Ora Meiron, who plays Tehila, has one season behind her, and Yehuda Almagor - Shraga - has been in one play. The others are recent graduates of drama schools and have no professional experience.

In part, *Tehila* is about different ways of being old. Yet the actors are nearly all in their twenties, and age is conveyed in movement and attitude rather than makeup. Only in the last few minutes, as the letter to Shraga is written, does Tehila start to hunch toward the grave and pour zlo-while over her face to form a kind of death mask.

Asked why he opted for youth, Yzraeli, who spent three-and-a-half months auditioning the cast of seven, says he prizes the "virgin mind." "Openness is much more important than experience."

His critics give a less generous version: that he imposes his will on actors, sometimes treating them like "pills in the stage." Some actors refuse to work with him.

For his part, Yzraeli sees most repertory theatres as factories and says that group work of the kind he insists on involves "lots of sacrifices of ego. You find the self by giving it up."

WHATEVER they have given up as individuals, the current group at the Khan seems to mesh into one dream-like whole in *Tehila*. Everyone is always on stage - a larger stage, now that the wings have been exposed. There are few props, most of them

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# This Week in Israel

## at the israel museum jerusalem

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2. Visitors are advised to purchase tickets for Saturday in advance at the Museum or at ticket agencies.  
3. Groups and classes must reserve a visiting time in advance by phone (Tel. 02-698275)

**Tuesday, December 18 at 19.30**  
**A Vanished World: Roman Visions** Photographs Documentary photographs taken in Eastern Europe between 1934—1939. Courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. M. Rose and Mr. and Mrs. F.H. Gould, New York. (Goldman-Schwartz Hall). From Dec. 18 at 19.30.

**Permanent Exhibition of Miniature Rooms** 19th century of English, and 18th century French and American rooms. (Donated by Dr. Anne Engländer). Courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. F.H. Gould, New York. (Ruth Youth Wing). From Dec. 18.

**Elishe Gai** — landscape paintings  
**Moshe Kupferman: Paintings, Works on Paper** (until Dec. 27).  
**Next the Israeli Artists** (Ruth Youth Wing) — for children. Artists present in the gallery: Tues. 17.30—19.00 and Wed. 10.30—12.00 (courtesy of Dr. and Mrs. Salick, LA)

**Scraps** — greeting cards and theatre sets (Ruth Youth Wing)  
**Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology**  
**AT THE ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM**  
**Egypt: The Other Side of the River** — funerary objects from Ancient Egypt

### EVENTS

**FILMS**  
**Saturday, December 15 at 20.30**  
**REQUIEM** (Hungary 1982)  
**Tuesday, December 18 at 18.00 and 20.30**  
**GREGORY'S GIRL** (Britain 1980)

**CHILDREN'S FILMS**  
**Sunday, December 16 and Monday, December 17 at 15.30**  
**THE FOX AND THE HOUND** (Walt Disney)  
**Wed., Dec. 19 at 15.30; Thurs., Dec. 20 at 11.00 and 15.30; Fri., Dec. 21 at 11.00**  
**CINDERELLA** (Walt Disney)

**LECTURE**  
**Sunday, December 16 at 20.30**  
**THE IMAGE OF THE JEW IN JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN ART**  
Dr. Elizabeth Reisel-Nehor

**CONCERTS**  
**Monday, December 17 at 20.30**  
**BEETHOVEN SONATAS AND VARIATIONS II**  
Prima Saltzman, piano; Uzi Weisel, cello  
**Tuesday, December 18 at 16.15**  
**THE PHILHARMONIC BRASS TRIO — FOR CHILDREN**  
courtesy of Megan, Alexa and Elena Weinstein  
**Saturday, December 22 at 20.30**  
**HAIM ALEXANDER PRESENTS SCHUBERT**

**SENIOR CITIZENS**  
**Tuesday, December 18 at 15.15**  
**THE ATRE IN THE ARCHAEOLOGY GALLERIES** (reservation Tel. 02-698213); courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. S. Bond and Mr. C. Katz

**GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH**  
Museum: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. at 11.00; also Sun. at 15.00; Tues. at 16.00  
Archaeology Galleries — Special Tour: Monday at 16.00  
Shrine of the Book — Special Tour: Tuesday at 16.00  
Judaica and Ethnography Galleries: Thursday at 16.00  
Rockefeller Museum — Special Tour: Friday at 11.00

**RUTH YOUTH WING**  
For Hanukkah:  
1. Activities all over the Youth Wing: Dec. 20, 23, 24, 26, 10—17.00; Dec. 21 10—13; Dec. 25, 10—19.00  
2. An advanced sculpture marathon: Dec. 23 to 26, from 8.00—13.00. Reserve places.

**VISITING HOURS**  
Special visiting hours for Hanukkah: Tues., Dec. 25, 10.00—22.00.  
Museum — Galleries and Shrine of the Book: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00—17.00; Tues. 16.00—22.00 (Shrine 10.00—22.00); Fri. & Sat. 10.00—14.00.  
Library: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00—17.00; Tues. 16.00—20.00  
Graphic Study Room: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. 11.00—13.00; Tues. 16.00—20.00  
Department of Travelling Exhibitions: Sun., Thurs. 8.30—13.00; Tues. 13.00—17.00  
Rockefeller Museum: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00—17.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00—14.00  
Tobias House Gallery: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00—16.30; Tues. 10.00—22.00; Fri. 10.00—13.30  
Gordon Cafe: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00—midnight; Fri. 10.00—16.00. Sat. closed.

**Esther Kestly Free Day: Fri., December 21, 10.00—14.00** (not including Shrine of the Book and the Armand Hammer Collection).  
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THE BEERSHEBA Municipal Theatre has succeeded over the years in developing a formula of its own for a theatrical repertoire. Other theatres vacillate between a choice of highly "artistic" provocative plays, and plays fully geared to the existing taste of the audience. They usually present both kinds, in varying doses. A provincial theatre has to make an even more difficult decision: it has to keep an audience of subscribers, to please the local powers, and to bring theatrical culture to people located far from the centres of entertainment and accomplishment.

The Beersheba repertoire has always been a choice of plays just one notch above the level of popular entertainments — demanding enough to be considered good theatre, but not too demanding to miss being an immediate success with the audience. This may also be the reason for choosing only foreign works in translation, works which have withstood the test of years, or generations, of theatrical success.

The formula seems to be working well again in the present performance of *The Front Page* by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. This play has always been immensely successful both on the stage and on the screen. First produced in 1927, it has been revived time and again all over the world.

It is a good play well constructed and with a "message," but not a particularly important one. The message is a popular one, especially in Israel today: it blames the press for the evils of society. The portrayal of newspapermen and particularly of their editors, is malicious, coming from the pen of two professional journalists serving on two of the biggest Chicago papers, it has a greater air of authenticity and truthfulness, than is to be found in most plays of this kind.

THE PRESS is not the only target attacked in this play. The mayor of the city and the sheriff are corrupt in the most abominable ways in order to win an election, they are prepared to execute a convicted murderer even after his reprieve has been signed by the governor of the state. This is a serious play, and it has sometimes been interpreted as a tragedy. The Beersheba presenta-

(Continued from page E)  
dug up from second-hand shops or somebody's backyard. Divisions of space and time are at best suggested. Characters in a state of intentional meander meet each other and themselves. Every once in a while, Tehila's child-self (Ayel Shazar) the victim of the broken betrothal, gets a comforting hug from the old woman. Where words end, the characters move into music, playing Uri Vidilavsky's score on clarinet, accordion, piano, drum, and violin, as well as in voice. The violin is as multi-faceted a performer as the actors. Its case is the coffin in a scene depicting the funeral of Tehila's first child. We watch with horror as the case opens: out drops the instrument, in a shroud.

The production adapts hassidic dress and Jewish symbols into its own ritual. Shraga, at the back of the stage, beats out his fury on a drum, wearing phylacteries as blinders.

AGNON'S STORY has long been required reading for high-school matriculation — and is loved in spite of that. The Khan has been doing in brisk sale of discount tickets to schools for morning performances. During the rehearsal, I saw there was some argument about whether religious students would be offended.

# The press gang



Scene from "The Front Page" by Beersheba Municipal Theatre.

## THEATRE/ Uri Rapp

tion has chosen to turn it into a comedy, mainly by using Yossi Kantz's talents as a comedian to make the sheriff an amusing figure. The audience loves his performance, cheering him several times in the middle of a scene.

Other characters are also presented as figures of fun. For example, the golden-hearted prostitute who is ready to die in order not to reveal the escaped convict's hideout. The part is played very competently, given the interpretation, by Anat Wachsmann, appearing on the stage for the first time. Another comedy role is played by the seasoned actress Margalit Stender as the intended mother-in-law. The part of the peevish hypochondriac newspaper editor, which was in fact written originally as comic relief, is played to perfection by Hugo Yarden, one of the most accomplished comic actors in our theatre. Another part is played as comedy by Yasha Gilinsky as a government official.

In general, this may be said to be an actors' play, and the Beersheba ensemble has once again shown itself to be competent and even fascinating. The central character, Hildy Johnson, is a professional journalist who wants to leave the profession but cannot bring himself to do so; a scoop works on him like a drug, leaving him groggy and addicted. A lovable scoundrel, torn between his

love for his fiancée and his job, he is one of the most interesting characters in modern American theatre. It is not easy to play, and Dov Reiser carries it off very well.

Yossi Yablonsky, as the mayor, also does a good job, portraying just the right mixture of dignity and corruption demanded of this role. Avi Uriah also gives a very convincing performance as the ruthless newspaper editor. Micha Levinson's directing uses the actors' talents to good advantage.

When the curtain rises on the first scene, four newspapermen playing cards in the press room of Chicago's Criminal Courts building, the *mis-en-scene* is immediately convincing; the aura of the Twenties, the ennui of waiting for news, the callousness of the newspapermen about the fate of a human being — Eli Sinai's set, realistic yet faintly comic, and the placing of the actors within it, captures the attention right from the beginning.

Scending up both the press and the establishment is immensely popular these days; and when it is done as competently and amusingly as in this production, I venture to predict that it will be a great success. The fact that it is not very profound — Ibsen's *A Pillar of Society*, done by the same company, was much more significant — will not detract from its popular appeal.

the stories of Nahman of Bratslav. Now he is determined to treat only Jewish experience in Israel. He does western theatre abroad — in Cleveland, where his wife grew up; in Heidelberg; at the Buffalo Shakespeare Festival; and this coming summer, at the Three Rivers Festival in Pittsburgh.

Why the geographical distinction in repertory? "Doing western theatre here would be like opening a ski factory in Libya," he says. About Elizabethan drama: "Blank verse is a whole way of being. Our world is different."

That doesn't mean that Israelis don't understand western theatre. But when they put it on, he claims, it is an "aping" — miserable if it fails, and a miracle if it succeeds. Neither of those possibilities is "organic," and an organic relationship between life and theatre seems to be what he is seeking.

He has a three-year contract at the Khan, and plans four productions this year and then fewer each year so that he can spend more time on each. Which is likely to raise eyebrows among state and municipal funders who want quantity as well as quality. Whatever it is, it will be Jewish for the foreseeable future. "I want to be at home first," he says. "Then I'll invite guests."

# Going West

## MATTERS OF TASTE / Haim Shapiro

DO I KNOW the West? Of course I know the West.

I've been through a thousand gun-fights in as many movie theatres, not to speak of my own living room. I've tapped my foot to a thousand country-and-western ballads. Once I even appeared as an extra in a spaghetti western being filmed in Rome (I was a Mexican bandit).

Of course, my actual physical presence west of the Mississippi has been minimal, so I had no trouble letting reality interfere with illusion when I walked into the Stagecoach Restaurant at 217 Rehov Hayarkon in Tel Aviv, just opposite the Hilton. I felt right at home with the wood and brass fixtures and the loud-speaker, wailing a country ballad.

I would have moseyed up to the bar, but there didn't seem to be one, so my companion and I found a booth instead, not too near the loudspeakers. I took a long drink from my medium (half-litre) beer, while the lady sipped a glass of dry red wine.

THE MEAL itself I opened with a

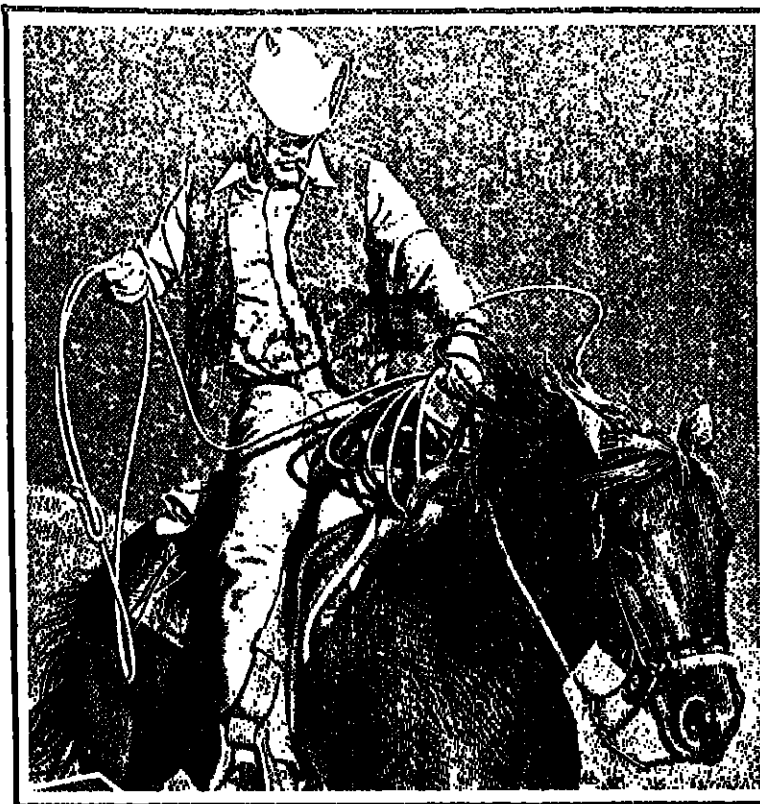
Stagecoach salad, one of the rather limited number of first courses available. Later, when we saw the size of the main courses, we understood why few people at that establishment need any hors d'oeuvre.

The salad consisted of a generous portion of shredded lettuce and chopped vegetables, covered with a thick layer of that mixture of mayonnaise and ketchup known to Americans as "Russian dressing."

Buried in it were little bits of smoked meat and covering it a thick layer of shredded yellow cheese.

It was not exactly a dish I would have made for myself, being not at all partial to that type of gooey salad dressing. And I would have preferred a sharper cheese. But for the genre, it was everything one could ask for, and more.

My companion tried the Stagecoach soup, a bean stock with noodles, pieces of sausage and vestiges of various vegetables. Despite its appearance, which gave the impression that it contained everything but the kitchen sink, it was quite good and certainly very satisfying on



a cold winter day.

Although there were costlier items on the menu, including ribs and different types of steaks, we decided to concentrate on two basic stand-bys, chicken in the basket and

hamburger.

The chicken, tried in batter, was tender but firm and very tasty, without being at all greasy. It was, however, warm rather than hot. The chips which accompanied it were a

few degrees lower still in temperature — a real pity in view of the fact that they had evidently been freshly made and properly cooked, albeit too long before they were served.

The hamburger was excellent and piping hot, well grilled on the outside and medium rare, as we had requested, on the inside. It was served on a bun more Israeli than American, with a crisp, chewy crust, to my mind far better than the U.S. original.

BUT THE GREAT surprise of the meal were the onion rings which were ordered with the hamburger. These were hot, freshly made and absolutely delicious. I have so often had onion-flavoured bits of frozen cardboard, not only at this end of the Mediterranean, but also in America, their spiritual home, that I had forgotten just how delicious the home-made product can be.

We were both rather relieved that the only item for dessert was that old, boring standard, Bavarian cream. Had the American theme continued to the last course, with pecan or pumpkin pie, brownies *à la mode* or apple pan dowdy, I would have felt called upon to try them, stuffed as I was.

Under the circumstances, we very virtually skipped dessert and ended our meal with two cups of filter coffee.

The bill for two came to IS15,300.0

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#### EXHIBITIONS

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2. "The Enigma of the Celarevo Manuscript"

#### JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE

"Rabbi Abraham in the Wild West" The story of a "shlemiel" rabbi, who is sent from his village in Poland to head a Jewish congregation in San Francisco, and his wild adventure. Starring: Gene Wilder; Director: Robert Aldrich. The film is in English with Hebrew subtitles.  
Sunday, December 16 and Tuesday, December 18 at 8:30 pm.  
Admission Fee: IS 1000; For members of Friends Association: IS800.  
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#### EVENTS

"The Jewish Heritage in the Eye of the Camera" Opening ceremony of photo exhibition based on the World Wide Photo Contest organized by the Association of Friends of Beth Hatefutsoth in Israel.  
Wednesday, December 19 at 8:30 pm.

Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of Tel Aviv University (Gate 2). Klausner St., Ramat Aviv, Tel. (03) 425161. Buses: 13, 24, 25, 27, 45, 49, 79, 74, 274, 572.



The Israel Ballet

THE Israel Ballet came to the capital on December 8, and though the works presented at the Jerusalem Theatre were not really premieres, having been staged elsewhere, there were so many new names in the company (now numbering 24) that the occasion was, to all intents and purposes, premierish.

In the programme was Berta Yampolsky's *Opus 1* (music: Webern), impressive in its sense of structure and flow of movement. Sometimes there seemed to be more ideas than the choreography could carry - with too many difficult lifts, too many congested clusters - but the over-all effect was as forceful as the sound. This passacaglia, Webern's *Opus 1*, came before he began on the minimalist most associated with his fame.

The dance design here was all the more persuasive because it followed the rather tame *Intimate Impressions* of Jan Linkens (of the Dutch National Ballet). The meagre manner was less interesting than the poetic piano music of Spanish composer Frederico Mompou; only one duet (beautifully shaped) showed the sensitivity to match the piano playing (recorded by Alicia Delarocha) and the delicate colouring of the costumes (by Linkens).

The *Grand Pas* from *Paquita* (after Petipa) was a grand finale. The music of Leon (Ludwig) Minkus, loved and known in the ballet world, is so little esteemed by toffee-nosed musicians that his name is omitted in many music dictionaries. Yet it is a charming adjunct to the Hispano-classical dances - and the company seemed truly stimulated by its pretty solos, duets, quartets and ensembles, and performed them with delightful results.

Hillel Markman, co-director, with wife Berta Yampolsky, of the Israel Ballet, promises big things in the coming seasons.

AT THE appearance of *Feria Gitana* (Gipsy Fair) tomorrow in Jerusalem would be too late for this column, I

## Too many ideas

DANCE  
Dora Sowden

attended a rehearsal (December 6) at Rishpon by kind invitation.

The circumstances proved trying. The moshav was holding a meeting next door and requested that the high-spirited performance in the theatre be stopped for half an hour (really more); and the loud discussion at the meeting later obtruded on the resumed rehearsal.

Nevertheless, the tempo and tone of this Spanish show came through with vivacity and verve. Pepa de Utrera set it off with a song, and the others (two guitarists, three singers and principal dancers Jose Correia and Dalia Low) heightened the pace and panache as the story unfolded.

Yes, the story. This gypsy programme is not just a collection of song and dance items. Director Ciro has devised a romance that takes in what the gypsies have to give and the complications of a Romeo-and-Juliet drama, but with a happy ending.

So at this "Casa Pepa," where people come to drink and dance, two families find themselves at variance. First come the guitarists (David Serva, Juan Soto), and the singers (Miguel Funi, Juan Heredia) in a slow progress that quickens into gypsy life soon enough. Then Maria (Dalia Low) and her brother (singer Jarillo de Triana) sit down at another table.

The brother frowns at the dance and song, but Maria has seen her lover (Correia), a dancer taut and proud in his Spanish virtuosity. Indeed, there is much passionate dancing in this non-stop "play," and Low is at her best in her duets with Correia and in a solo in which she pleads with her brother. There is an exciting scene where all the men use sticks to beat out angry rhythms, but finally there is reconciliation - and a wedding.

Since every gypsy singer can dance and every gypsy dancer sings, you have an idea of the heat and humour of the wedding "fiesta." The dances include bulerías, alegrías, tangos, seguidillas, sevillanas and several varieties of song in between and within them, never losing their flamenco spontaneity and their traditional thrust.

Ciro told me that Low has been guest dancer with this company during the past six months whenever she went to Spain. This no doubt accounted for the easy comradeship they all showed and the gutsy, outgoing way they improvised when the mood seized them.

TAMARA MIELNIK, well known as a dancer, performer and teacher, has been awarded a three-month grant to observe, study and participate in various curricula in United States dance institutions. The grant comes through the Sharett Fund from the America Israel Cultural Foundation. She will go to the Juilliard School and the High School for the Performing (Fame) Arts, and she will also attend classes at the Martha Graham studios. She hopes to give performances for Jewish communities during her stay.

Before going to New York she will tour with her solo programme in the south of France. Before leaving Israel she and her dance group (The Jerusalem Dance Theatre) will give a performance at the Khan (December 21; 2 p.m.). They will appear in *The Child and the Copy Book* and *The Greatest Cry... Silence* (based on a poem by Rabbi Nahman of Bratslav), choreographed by Mielnik. *The Mother* by Heide Oren, and *Buildings Falling* by Karen Freedland.



## Relax, Frankie

ROCK, ETC./David Horovitz

ONE WALL of London's massive Tottenham Court Road Virgin Records store is traditionally devoted to T-shirts, plugging everything from Adam Ant, through Marilyn Monroe, to The Who. This summer the entire wall was filled with Frankie Goes to Hollywood T-shirts, bearing legends such as "Frankie Say Relax," and "Frankie say arm the unemployed."

Street vendors round the corner were doing a roaring trade in "I don't give a f--- what Frankie say" shirts. Love them or hate them, there was no doubt that Frankie Goes to Hollywood had hit it big.

1984 saw Frankie selling more records more quickly than any group since the Beatles. Their first single, "Relax," stayed in the charts for an astonishing 50 weeks, and the follow-up, "Two Tribes," fared almost as well.

Advance orders for their debut album topped the one million mark, and, since its release, *Welcome to the*

*Pleasure Dome* (General Music) has remained entrenched at the head of the album listings.

Frankie, a five-piece band from Liverpool, have certainly been presented to the public in superb style. The man behind them, Paul Morley, is an experienced rock journalist who must have realized over the years that the record-buying public was becoming more concerned with image than with content. Morley kept the releases few and far between, letting the demand build up, ensuring that every Frankie product was snapped up almost instantly.

He had his band dress outrageously, and kept the sexual exploits of lead singer Holly Johnson in letters inches high on the pages of Britain's tabloid newspapers.

IMAGE, however, cannot indefinitely cover up a complete lack of talent. And Frankie's stay at the top would have ended by now if there was really nothing beneath the clothes and the headlines.

The fact is, on the strength of their music alone, Frankie *do* make the grade. Possibly to prove just that, they opted to release a double album as their first real follow-up. And although one side is almost entirely devoted to "Relax" and "Two Tribes," and another to a collection of covers, there's more than enough here to suggest that Frankie could turn out to be one of the supergroups of the Eighties.

Theirs is a unique sound, dominated by punchy basslines and abrasive vocals, with the more melodic acoustic guitar well down in the mix. Lyrically, they jump on just about every bandwagon rolling, concentrating particularly on war and sex, but while their verbal commitments might be a bit thin, the music more than carries them through.

The two hit singles apart, the undoubted highlight is a track called "The Power of Love," currently nestling, would you believe it, at number one in the UK singles charts. It's a slower, softer number than the usual Frankie fare, showing that the band can do more than just turn up the bass amp and start rapping.

Side three, which contains the cover versions, could have done without; but a double album leaves a lot of space to fill and the band probably simply didn't have enough of their own numbers to get by.

The band members, themselves, don't seem too sure they'll be at the top for long. Guitarist Brian Nash writes on the album cover: "It's pleasing to think something we've done...will be remembered...but if it all ends tomorrow, we've had a good ride."

I've a feeling it won't end for a long time. So relax Brian, relax and enjoy it.

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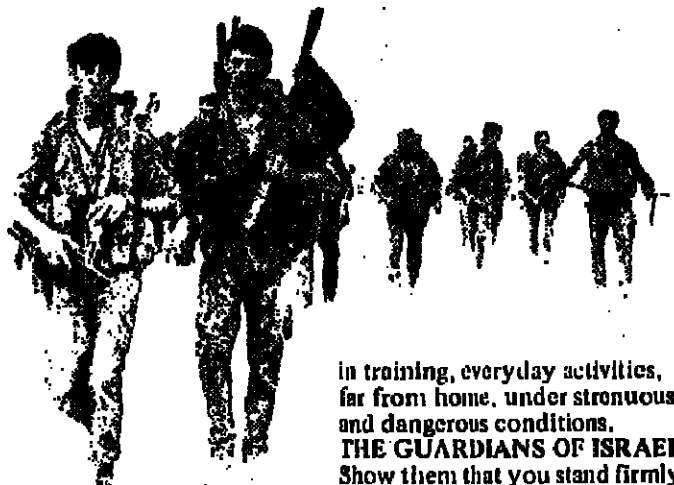
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WITH THE approaching holiday season, Jerusalemites will again face a dilemma, having to choose from the tempting fare being offered by the Liturgia series.

It opens with Handel's *Judas Macabaeus* at Binyanei Ha'uma on December 29. Sir David Willcocks will conduct the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra and his Bach Choir from London; the soloists will be Eiddwen Harrihy (soprano), Catherine Wynn-Rogers (alto), Maldwyn Davies (tenor), and Stephen Roberts (baritone).

The Bach Choir will participate with some hundred singers in another four programmes, which are listed below.

From Greece, the Byzantine Choir comprising 50 vocalists, will appear at the Byzantine Church in Taghba, on the Kinneret, on December 29, and at the Dormition Abbey in Jerusalem on December 30. The choir is conducted by Lycourgos Angelopoulos.

From Stuttgart, West Germany, we'll have the 60-member Chamber Choir with conductor Frieder Bernius. They will be the guests of the Israel Chamber Orchestra, which will perform with them J.S. Bach's Great Mass in B minor on January 1. The soloists will be Yasuko Kosaki (soprano), Gabriele Schreckenbach (alto), Hans-Peter Blochwitz (tenor) and Franz Gerhosen (bass). As this presentation takes place at the Jerusalem Theatre, which has a limited capacity, an early booking is recommended.

On the same day that the Byzantine Choir is in Taghba, John Scott—who won first prize at this year's Organ Competition in Leipzig—will be playing at the Lutheran Church in Jerusalem's Old City (at 4.30 p.m.). His programme includes works by Bach, Buxtehude, Mozart, Eben and Liszt.

On Monday December 31 Gary Bertini will conduct the JSO and five choirs at Binyanei Ha'uma for Mozart's *Requiem* and Mordchai Seter's *Midnight Vigil*. Over three hundred chorists will be assembled for this programme—the Bach Choir (London), the Kibbutz Ha'arzi Choir, the Rinat National Choir, the Cameran Singers, and the Ha'ahud Choir. The soloists will be Robin Welsel-Capsuto (soprano), Mira Zakai (alto), Maldwyn Davies (tenor), and Stephen Roberts (baritone).

DYORAK'S *Stabat Mater* will be presented at the Jerusalem Theatre on Wednesday, January 2 by Avi Ostrovsky, conducting the London Bach Choir, with Gilah Yaron (soprano), Mira Zakai (alto), John Mitchinson (tenor), and Marius Rintzler (bass)—all quite well known to our audiences.

On the same day, but in the afternoon, at 4.30, the *Rosary Sonatas*, written by the outstanding Heinrich Ignaz Franz von Biber (1644-1704) and unjustly neglected by history, will be performed by Avi Abramovici (violin) with Elisabeth Roloff at the organ. This will be Abramovici's first public appearance as a soloist; he is a recent immigrant from Rumania and a member of the JSO.

Thursday, January 3, will also see two programmes: in the afternoon, at 4.30, "Children Sing and Play Liturgia" at the Jerusalem Theatre; and in the evening, at the Dormition Abbey, Anton Bruckner's Mass No. 2 for choir and brass, as well as Elizabethan songs and English madrigals, will be offered by the London Choir under conductor Sir David Willcocks.

In the youth programme, the Youth Symphony Orchestra from Bonn, under Bernhard Daghhaus

## Choral feast



Soloists Maldwyn Davies and Mariana Nicolesco.



### MUSIC & MUSICIANS

Yohanan Boehm

will cooperate with the Ha'efroni Children's Choir (Maya Shavit), the Children's Choir from Kibbutz Mizra (Rahel Bartenstein), and the Jerusalem Conservatoire Girls' Choir (Amnon Meroz) in a programme dedicated to the music of Telemann, Mozart and Faure.

Liturgia 1984 will close with a performance of Verdi's *Requiem* at Binyanei Ha'uma on Saturday, January 5. Gary Bertini will conduct the JSO, the London Bach Choir, the Rubin Academy Jerusalem Chamber Choir (directed by Stanley Sperber). Soloists will be Mariana Nicolesco (soprano) Maureen Guy (alto) John Mitchinson (tenor) and Marius Rintzler (bass).

The Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, assisted by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Ministry of Tourism and in cooperation with the Jerusalem Theatre, have worked out popular prices and convenient methods of payment as well as discounts for subscribers and organized groups.

THE FOURTH volume of the *Israel Music Anthology* has appeared under the Jerusalem Records label. It contains four works—by Josef Tal (Symphony No. 2), Ami Maayani (Overture Solenne), Zvi Avni (Programme, Music 1980), and Joseph Kaminski (Symphonic Overture).

Performed at various times by the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra under Zubin Mehta, the live performances used for this recording convey the atmosphere of a concert without extraneous noise interfering with the music itself. The readings represent as many styles and approaches to the problem of creating "Israeli" music as there are composers on the record. The works by Tal and Kaminski were written in 1960, the other two in the early Eighties. The record is a combined project of the Jerusalem Music Centre, the Ministry of Education's Cultural Department, and Kol Yisrael, produced by Jerusalem Records. It was flawlessly manufactured by Nimbus of Britain (ATD 8402).

SOMEWHAT irritated by the title, Fiddler's Moll, Life with Yehudi by Diana Menuhin; London, Weidenfeld & Nicolson: 237 pp. £10.95), I looked up "moll" in my dictionaries. The Oxford does not even list it; the Langenscheidt translates it as "Mariechen," which in German has a slightly denigrating sound; and Webster spells it out: "1; a gangster's mistress. 2; a prostitute." And to call Menuhin a "fiddler" seems to me not very complimentary. Whoever gave the book its title has to bear the responsibility.

Diana Gould-Menuhin's descriptions of the life of a violinist's wife are very amusingly written. Lady Diana is most erudite, and her style keeps the reader on his toes. Writing about a visit to the venerated Georges Enesco, she describes his wife: "At that moment 'Marouka,' la Princesse Cantacuzene, whom he had finally married, having been her faithful, handsome and brilliant lover for so long, made one of her sudden royal appearances in the doorway. If you can imagine a No. 2 Company Zoubeide from some *fide-siccle* theatre who had once seen better days and who still refused to accept the ravages of time—merely adding layer upon layer of make-up to commemorate as it were the passing of each unkind year on top of those already ingrained from that famous first unforgettable night when she had taken fourteen curtain calls before the fluttering gas footlights; if you can take in the multi-coloured satin caftan wrapped around the massive trunk and above all the extraordinary head held with great dignity, scarlet-rimmed, purple pouting-lipped, be-kohled eyes sombrely smouldering like two charcoal fires, the whole adorned with 'bigoudis,' those large, crescent-shaped hair clips, beloved of the Marcel-wave era, set in symmetrical rows in her iron-grey hair and which she contrived to transform into a kind of 'kakozhnik' (the traditional Russian tiara); if you can take all this in without either flinching or fainting, then you will have absorbed this extraordinary Balkan effigy that was 'La Princesse Cantacuzene, Madame Georges Enesco'—imperial, totally self-absorbed and not a little mad." See what I mean?

DIANA GOULD, launched on a promising career as a dancer, with names like Diaghileff, Pavlova, Balanchine, Rambert, etc. gracing the pages of her biography, sacrificed all this to live a gypsy's life with Yehudi Menuhin, racing from country to country, from hotel to concert hall. She vividly describes the people and cultures they encounter. King Farouk, the late Egyptian monarch: "...winked my way backwards out of King Farouk's box, refusing all sorts of lovely and unlovely things." This was in 1944 in Cairo.

After dining with David Oistrakh and Aram Khachaturian: "David looked like the nicest of all teddy bears with the fur shaved off; as for Khachaturian the Georgian, his bulging brown eyes (peppermint bull's-eyes a quarter sucked) and greying hair as crimped as the corrugated iron roof on a Baptist Chapel, he looked more like a respectable Armenian carpet-seller."

Israel appears in these pages only in 1951, to demonstrate Menuhin's "courage" in appearing before a hostile audience (because of his visits to Germany after World War II); though a photograph of him playing at the Western Wall "in celebration of the Camp David Agreement" is included among mostly family pictures.

It's all very interesting, entertaining and readable.

THIS COLUMN is primarily concerned with crazy bidding at an American national team-of-four championship, and its impact on the play of the hands.

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The bidding at one table:  
North East South West  
1 ♦ Pass 1 ♣ Pass  
INT Pass 2 ♣ All Pass

The opening bid of one diamond, Precision, was a maximum of 14-15 points without necessarily including a diamond suit. South knew that East—West had at least 23 points. He thought that his only possible defence was in his many preemptive type of a heart suit. He hoped it would be safe to interfere with only two spades in his hand. So he bid one spade. And when his partner bid one no trump South continued with his crazy psychic, bidding two spades, which he was allowed to play. He was set three tricks for 150 points when the defence allowed the declarer to ruff two clubs. If West's opening lead were a spade the defence could have taken eight tricks for 250 points. At some point the defence could have made a takeout double, but this passivity gave North—South a good score.

It was different at the replay, with this bidding:  
North East South West  
1 NT Pass 2 ♥ 2 ♣  
Pass 3 ♥ Pass 3 ♣  
All Pass

Here East—West bid again seemingly strong bidding by North—South won the contract with a three-spade bid. If they had been held to

## Crazy bidding

### BRIDGE

George Levinrew

this contract they would have lost the board. But they did nose a club ruff, so the score of 170 was just enough to win.

Deal 2  
Vul: none

North (D)  
♦ 954  
♦ 97532  
♦ 1064  
♦ 6  
West  
♦ K73  
♦ A106  
♦ 9732  
♦ J95  
East (D)  
♦ A186  
♦ KQ4  
♦ KQ85  
♦ 84  
South  
♦ Q102  
♦ J8  
♦ A  
♦ AKQ10732

Here is another venture into fantasy land:

The bidding at one table:  
North East South West  
1 NT Dbl Redbl 2 ♣  
Pass Pass Dbl Redbl  
All Pass

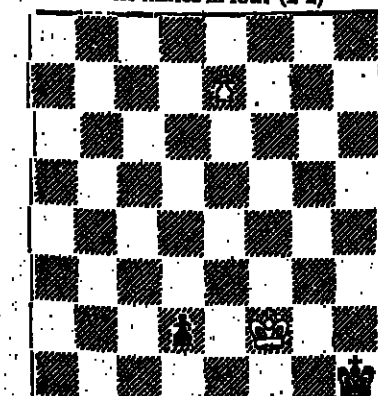
The two club bid was made with the intention of doubling for a rescue if necessary. How shocked North was when his partner passed.

The score for North—South was 510.  
It was different at the replay:  
North East South West  
1 NT Dbl Redbl 2  
Pass 3 NT Dbl All Pass  
The defence did not make the five top tricks in hearts and spades. Declarer won seven clubs, one diamond and one spade, making the contract. Their 550 points just won the board.

### CHESS

Eliahu Shahaf

Problem No. 3203  
A. VERLE, Sweden  
Tjidskrift For Schach, 1945  
White mates in four (2-2)



SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3201 (Vladimirov, Yaroslavlitzev). Set-play: 1.-Ob4 2. Qa1 Qc3 3. Qxb; 1.-Qc6 2. Qg1 Qc3 3. Qxb; 1.-Ne5 threat 2. Nf3; 1.-Ob4 2. Qg1 Kc3 3. Qxb; 1.-Qc6 2. Qa1 Qc3 3. Qxb.

THE OLYMPIAD ROUND BY ROUND  
IN ROUND 4, Israel had a respectable 2-2 draw with one of the strongest teams in the world, Yugoslavia. Yehuda Gruenfeld drew with Nikolai Lev Gutman beat Bojan Kurajica; and Eliahu Shvidler drew with Marianovic. The U.S. seemed to have a good chance of

beating the Russians. By the time the games were adjourned, one game was drawn while in two of the adjourned games, the Americans had the upper hand, including the game on the board where Dzindzichashvili had a clear advantage over the invincible A. Bellavsky. The USSR was leading with 24½ (3) points, followed by Sweden and Bulgaria; 23; Rumania, 22½; England, 22 (2). Israel had 19½ points.

ART OF ATTACK  
White - Kbl; Oh6; Rd2; Rhl; Nd4; Pa2; b2, c2, e4, f3, g4. (11) Black - Kh8; Qc8; Rc4; Be6; Nf6; Pa4; b7, d6, e7, f7, g6, h7. (12) 1. e5! de 2. Ne6 fe 3. g5 Nh5 4. Rh5! gh 5. g6 Qg8 6. Rd8. Black resigns. (Dudnik - Gudok, USSR, 1983)

BRILLIANT TOUCH  
White - Kh1; Qf2; Rd2; Rel; Be4; Nd5; Pa2; b2, c4, f4, h2. (11) Black - Kh8; Qc6; Rg8; Rh6; Bf8; Bg4; Pa7; b6, c5, f7, h7. (11) Black to play.

1.-Rh2! 2.Qh2 Bf3 3.Rg2 Be4 (the attempt to play for a mate 3.-Rg2! 4.Qg2 Qh3, is refuted by 4.Qh7x) 4.Re2 Bg2 5.Rg2 Qe4, and Black won. (Radchenko - Karmov, USSR, 1980).

TWO QUEENS ARE NOT ENOUGH  
White - Kg2; Qc8; Qg4; Pd3; f2, g3. h2. (7) Black - Kh7; Qe2; Bg7; Pd4; e3, f4, g6, h6. (8) Black to play.

1.-Qf2 2.Kh3 Qh1 3.Kh4 Bf6 4.Qg5 hg 5.Kg4 Qe2 6.Kh3 g4: White resigns. (Priedite - Snakov, USSR, 1983).

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# Levitt's New York

Gil Goldfine

NOTHING COULD be more of a truism than James Agee's statement in his essay "A Way of Seeing" that "...Helen Levitt's photographs seem to me as beautiful, perceptive, satisfying and enduring as any lyrical work that I know." One of America's most gifted photographers, Levitt's piercing black and white shots of Spanish Harlem, photographed in the 40s, are supported in the current exhibit by a score of larger colour prints shot in New York City in the '70s. Essentially, Levitt's subject matter has remained the same: inner-city life focused on the poor and the working class (mostly children and women) captured within their immediate environment: the street, the stoop, the barren lot, a truck cabin or against a decaying facade. Levitt's photographs belong to the genre of earlier-Henson and Walker Evans in which the fluidity and intuitiveness of the transient moment is captured as a dynamic emotional response (unlike the more monumental images of other great social critics like Atget, Smith and Lange). The most sparkling aspect of Levitt's pictures is her ability to feel the instant and combine qualities of aesthetic power with the simplicity of pure human contact. The stature and mature posing of her subjects, especially of the young black boys, is filled with the vibrancy of open negative spaces, rich tones matched by dull ones, swift movement fussed out and paralleled by sharply focused stationary objects. These and the ever-present interplay of psychological textures are all part and parcel of Levitt's marvellous metropolitan document. (Camera Obscura, 57 Allenby, Tel Aviv).

A PHOTOGRAPH of an anonymous young boy with arms spread as if imitating an illusion of his desire to fly has been translated by Nomy Schneider into large murky symbolist paintings that reflect a phantom crucifixion figure rather than a young child at play. Together with other shadowy shapes in the background are slight indications of foliage and water and a row of silhouetted swans. Schneider, whether she knows it or not, has been influenced by the 19th century symbolist movement, particularly with regard to the unseen but felt presence of other beings being superimposed on clouded emotions. (Alcad Haam Gallery, 90 Ahad Haam, Tel Aviv). Till Dec. 19.

A FASCINATING exhibit at the Tel Aviv Museum shows a wide variety of beautifully designed products from around the world aimed at enabling people with impaired motor ability to function better in every day life. All the designs ranging from elaborately created wheelchairs and mobile "grip" vehicles to typewriters, cutlery, exercise walkers, toys and fashions, were designed during the last decade and have been chosen for their aesthetic properties and functional contribution. The exhibit was conceived and organized by Dr. Josef Bar-Pereg of the Israel Rehabilitation Society, in collaboration with the Institut für Neue Technische Form in Darmstadt. (Tel Aviv Museum, King Saul Blvd.).

RINA MUAIEM shows graphically stated paintings that link the oriental concept of a single, non-chromatic image with the western concept of silhouetted drawing and folklorish subject matter. Muaiem reduces her themes (house and fence, cat and chairs, single figure in a hammock)



Helen Levitt: New York, photograph (Camera Obscura, Tel Aviv.)

to a basic black shape, brusque line and a smattering of grey wash. Her placement of these dark blotches on the blank field is crucial to the picture's success or failure. The results are mixed. But Muaiem's pictures are interesting attempts at attaining maximum punch with minimum input. (Sara Levi Gallery, 10 Pineles, Tel Aviv).

THE COLOURFUL still life and animated figurative portraits by Irena Sher quickly shed their initial impact and fall into the category of airport art, a term used to describe a mechanically schematic style of painting. Characteristic of Sher's art is the undiminished uniformity: similar methods of brushing, a set formula

for applying complementary or contrasting hue and tone (regardless of the subject or the environment) and the absence of any real emotional content apart from some dim-store theatrical poses or stereotyped glances from the model. It appears that Sher can turn these out by the dozen. (Shulamit Gallery, 1 Gordon, Tel Aviv).

AMNON GROFF of Kibbutz Bet Kama lays on Panda oils with an effusiveness that combines elements of Kirschner with recent neo-expressionist painting. Groff crops limbs and torsos at picture edge, adding even more pictorial impact to the frenzy of linear brush strokes. Despite the gestural line and pat-

tern, Groff is foremost a colourist in the European expressionist mold, favouring pinks, aues, blues and reds in the manner of the Fauves. Unfortunately, he does not match the unbridled palette with even a fair level of drawing. While the expressionist style gives license to absurd contortions, Groff's figures do not carry even a ring of anatomical truth.

This former-gallery also has a large selection of interesting fine art posters in a variety of pleasing frames. The modest exhibition space, is let to aspiring young artists, short term, on a no-fee basis, a splendid gesture in view of the current economic crisis. (Melchett Gallery, 25 Melchett, Tel Aviv). Till Dec. 28.

were more intellectually inclined, but no less ardent in their beliefs. Both were passionate anti-establishment (represented by both German Impressionism and Jugendstil).

JEWS participated in German Expressionism too. The best known: composer Arnold Schoenberg, also a painter of visionary faces; and our Jacob Steinhilber (1887-1968) in 1912 a founding member of the Berlin group Die Pathetiker. He remained a follower in Israel, (he was a teacher of wood cut and later director at the Bezalel School) and influenced two generations of Israeli printmakers.

Woodcut was of the greatest significance to the Expressionist. With its primal strength and simplicity it was a way of returning to the sources of art as a starting point for regeneration.

Among the Bruecke members, Erich Heckel (1883-1970) was the leading force and perhaps the most outstanding stylist. His "Franzi Reclining" and "Standing Child," both woodcuts from 1910, show the female nude as a bold study of angular and rounded lines, cut by the frame and penetrating into sharply defined and unified background fields, strictly balanced. Emil Nolde (1867-1956) is represented by a whole range of print techniques, varied in form and content. His woodcut "Candle-Dancers" (1917) is frenzied, while a huge colour-lithograph "The Three Magi" in sickly hues and murky dark greys is heavy laden. Nolde's "Hamburg Port" etchings (1910) are tortured. Karl Schmidt-Rottluff (1884-1976)

has 18 large woodcuts on view, mainly of religious subjects, intense and harsh in style. He uses the Bruecke woodcut-language of stark black-and-white contrasts and parallel rays to fill the background; "The Large Prophetess" (1919) combines this principle with the simplification of African masks.

Ernst-Ludwig Kirchner (1880-1938) manifests formal dissonance and intense nervous tension in his prints. The ones seen here are not his best. "The Muelers" (1914) are floating around a table not unlike Chagall's figures. The light in "The Reapers going to the Hills" (1918) is jagged as lightning, while in "Slim Girl Before Open Door" (1917) it is fixed and constrained. Kirchner had several nervous breakdowns while in the army during the war, and later lived in Switzerland. When, in 1938, the Nazis ferociously denounced Expressionist art and threw it out of German museums, Kirchner committed suicide.

Max Pechstein (1881-1955) popularized the style of his more uncompromising friends. His "Female Nudes in Conversation" (1920) seem pleasant and rather angular mannequins; while Helmarich Campendonk's nudes (1918) are roundish, posed in a decorative never-never land inhabited by cows and horses. Otto Mueller (1874-1930) made harmonical and idyllic prints; his slender, elongated nudes in landscape offer the lightest fare in the exhibition. (Museum of Modern Art, Haifa, in cooperation with the Goethe Institute, Tel-Aviv). Till Jan. 12.

(More on this show next week).



Erich Heckel: "Standing Child", 1910, colour woodcut (Haifa Museum of Modern Art).

Form Being Led. Anyway, Franz Marc liked horses and blue and painted blue horses, while Kandinsky liked riders and blue; and so they agreed on the title easily over Frau Marc's good coffee.

All these artists travelled often: to Paris; to exotic regions to see the primitive life and arts they so admired; and to places where they could paint nudes out in the open.

Cohesive factors unified the members of each group. The Bruecke artists were activists and lived almost a community life. The Blaue Reiter

# The German Connection

Edith Varga-Biro

THE MUSEUM of Modern Art in Haifa brings us the feverish German Expressionists, an abrupt change from its recent show of frosty "Rational" Israeli art. The 122 original prints are from 1906-1932, by 16 now historical figures, among them Kandinsky, Franz Marc, Emil Nolde, Klee, Feininger and Kokoschka, the works being on loan from the Institute for Foreign Relations in Stuttgart. The show comprises some excellent graphics from the museum's own collection as well.

Munch, Van Gogh, Gauguin and the French "Fauves," led by Matisse, planted the seeds of Expressionism in the fertile soil of both the Nordic and Slavic psyche.

German Expressionism, both before and after World War One, was a complex revolutionary movement in art, music and literature. Franz Marc wrote: "Art has to show the unearthly existence living in all things," and: "We want to create new symbols for the altar of a future spiritual religion."

In Expressionist prints the time-honoured subjects remained prevalent: figures; nudes, mainly in landscape; portraits; the Bible; animals; cities; scenery; and later satire. Exotic themes were taken from Gauguin, while only cosmological, scientific and abstract content were completely new. The true innova-

tions lay in the bold simplification, the exaggerated shapes, the visible tension created by dramatic blacks against criss-crossed whites, broken planes and angular patterns. But these works are less exalted, tortured or twisted than much German art of the Middle Ages and later.

The expressionists sought a radical renewal with an enthusiastic idealism common to all Europe, at the time. The ideas and forms they developed have been the basis of important trends since. The participants' list of their largest show (Munich and Berlin, 1912) reads like a Who's Who of the avant-garde: Picasso; Braque; Derain; Arp; Malevich; Robert Delaunay (the Orphist and comrade-in-arms of the Expressionists); Henri Rousseau; Klee; Kandinsky; Franz Marc; Auguste Macke; and all the Bruecke group.

The German movement was formed of two groups, one in Dresden in 1905, called Die Bruecke (The Bridge), the second in Munich (then the great art centre nearest to Central and Eastern Europe) termed the Blaue Reiter. The names were symbolic.

The bridge referred to a connection between Man and Universe, or perhaps, according to Nietzsche's concept, between animal and Uebermensch. The "blue" in Blaue Reiter conveyed that colour should be purely the painter's choice; "Rider" signified the Content, the horse;



Miron Sima: "Inge," oils, 1929 (Debel Gallery).

Anatoly Basin: painting (J'lem Artists).

# The young Sima

Meir Ronnen

MIRON SIMA (b. Russia, 1902), here since 1933 and the doyen of Jerusalem artists, is noted here chiefly for his colour woodcuts and book illustrations; and for drawings made at the Eichmann trial. Thanks to the generosity of a Jerusalem gallery, we are being offered a look at a number of powerful not-for-sale paintings made by Sima in Germany between 1929 and 1933, when he was a student at the Dresden Academy (he was the last Jew to win an art prize in that city and left for Palestine as soon as he graduated).

The oils on show are mature and confident and in several different styles. Particularly arresting is a painting of two streetwalkers in the best German Expressionist tradition, (1929); a less realist expressionist approach is revealed in two versions of a mass killing, "Shots In a Closed Room" (1933). Another engaged painting from the same year is the more graphic "Burial of a Murdered Worker," an oil which prefigures the style of Sima's colour woodcuts made over two decades later.

In between, Sima mixed Secessionist realism with formalised Bauhaus backgrounds, as can be seen in his painting of a mother and child in a street (1931), a work which contains many highly skilled passages. The same year, in the same mood, he painted a surly young unemployed labourer with powerful - and powerfully drawn - hands. More sentimental are paintings of children in a Dresden street and an infant in a feeding chair, the latter from 1929, the chair being particularly convincing as though seen under artificial light. A reproduction of his "File Grinder" from the same period shows this lost work to have been the most effective composition of the group. Finally, a well-painted self-portrait shows us how little the artist himself has changed, despite the passage of half a century.

This is a show of historical significance that goes beyond Sima's own story, for it gives us a look at the art of the time and place. Sima was lucky to have got these paintings out; and we are lucky that this gallery has now given us a chance to see them. (Debel Gallery, Ein Karem). Till Dec. 26.

FIVE PAINTERS, four from Russia and the fifth with a Slavic name,

have filled the Jerusalem Artists House to the gunwales with a massive group show that would have made all the participants look a lot better if fewer works had been exhibited. Many of the works have been seen elsewhere of late. Each artist's level of achievement is not only uneven, but the exhibit as a whole is an environmental disaster, hampered by poor framing and crowded hanging, with all the larger oils tipped forward at an extreme angle. It is perhaps a compliment to the participants that all of them are represented with good paintings that survive this thoroughly unprofessional presentation.

Vera Gutkina (b. Moscow, 1953), here since 1982, shows her familiar painterly low-key post-impressionist works (all the Russians tend to the bass rather than the treble) the best of which, this time, are some of the portraits, notably the painting of her father, in which the palette is lighter and less muddy; the face is a marvellous play of colourful brush strokes that do not imitate anatomy but which nevertheless add up to a likeness. This fine work is sandwiched between two windows and, against the light, is barely discernible. Gutkina is a painter's painter; but her canvases need heavier frames of the right colour.

Anatoly Basin (b. Leningrad, 1936) and here since 1979, shows a number of his equally familiar pairs of nudes drawn in black into dark red-brown backgrounds; but there is one large painting of a woman at a table (10) that is a real delight, for it moves into subtle green-yellow for the first time, while the airy treatment and bold formalization evoke successful echoes of both Matisse and Avery.

Solomon Fleishman (b. Dvinsk, 1922) and here a decade, as a young man, also trained in Berlin and Paris, left all his portraiture behind him in Russia. A near-abstract-expressionist colourist whose "landscapes" sometime tends to the muddiness that goes with messiness (something that afflicts most of the participants at times) Fleishman is seen at his best with a more geometrically organized composition in near-fauvist colour (60), one of the better paintings in the show.

Edward Levin (b. Minsk, 1948), here since 1976, supplies the credo of the show: a common interest in the music of colour. His own works

# Catalogues are best

Meir Ronnen

SOME OF the best and most informative art books published these days are exhibition catalogues, notably those produced by museums in the United States. The paperback versions are rarely over \$25, even those in full colour. A case in point is *Content - A Contemporary Focus, 1974-1984* published by the Smithsonian Institution this summer, marking a documentary exhibition noting what had happened around the world in the last decade and marking the 10th anniversary of the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, which mounted the show. The massive exhibition was the nearest thing to the Kassel Documenta ever seen in the United States and contains

thoughtful essays by Howard N. Fox and Miranda McClinton, as well as an historical chronology by Phyllis Rosenzweig, give the tyro an instant overview of international post-modernism. The 184-page catalogue is well printed with many good colour reproductions of works by some 280 artists, chiefly from America, West Europe and Britain. Details about the artists are minimal and there are no comments on their work outside the introductory essays, but a quote from each artist is included.

There are no Israelis represented, not even in the video and film listings; but there are a pair of *yordim* who work in tandem: Russian-born Komar and Melamid, now resident in the U.S. and represented with a delightful send up of socialist-realist and the Soviet system, showing the muse of art introducing the muse of history to Josef Stalin. The show also includes photography and the last gasps of conceptual art, which it is supposed to have replaced. The curators attempt to show that progressive minimalism resulted in the removal of art itself (not quite true for Malevich and then Ad Reinhardt had reduced matters to a paint surface long, long ago); hence the rise of conceptualism, now replaced by an art that is more humanist in that it is more outgoing, less internalised (but often also boring or merely vulgar). Phrases like "the will to meaning" and "referential content" abound; *Content* really celebrates the return of content - such as it is - to painting.

Another excellent catalogue-cum-book is Fairfield Porter (1907-75) subtitled a "Realist Painter in the Age of Abstraction" and published by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; the memorial retrospective was last seen at the Whitney Museum in New York this summer. It contains, in addition to many fine colour reproductions, essays by John Ashbery, Kenworth Moffet and notes by five other distinguished contributors. In contrast to the por-

tionousness of much of the *Content* show, Porter had a horror of "art as sociology," of the artist who "treats art as though it were the raw material for a factory that produces a commodity called understanding." Porter's work was a quiet, unpretentious celebration of the good life of middle America around him: sunlight on boats in the bay, on the dog in the grass, on the utensils on the table, on the flowers in the window, on the trees in the garden. He was rather less successful with people, unless they merged Vuillard-like into one of his interiors. Porter loved Vuillard, Matisse, and Velazquez and if he did not rise above them, he occasionally neared them for sheer breadth. He was above all a splendid colourist and the best of his work is a delight.

Verlon: Collage Montage-Painting (the Museum of Modern Art, Vienna, 126 pp, 124 reproductions, \$10) is virtually a *catalogue raisonné*, complete with press reviews (some in Hebrew) of works by an artist who dips into the thousands of photo clippings the way other artists dip into paints. Andre Verlon is a communicator with knobs on, determined to sock it to you in the most unrelenting and often terrifying manner.

TATRAMA, the new Tel Aviv gallery (the name means "sub-standard"), has given birth to a new publication: *Tatrama - Israel's Art Magazine*, which is distinguished chiefly by its huge size: it is bigger even than *Flash Art*; and very well printed on high quality paper. It is dominated for the most part by huge full or half-page photographs, several Hebrew comic strips and a number of visual jokes, mostly centring on bodily functions. Apart from a photograph of a young gentleman with a splendidly prominent erection, the magazine also contains a photo of the contents of a toilet bowl surmounted with half a dozen tear-off toilet seat covers ("hygienic art"). In case all this sounds a bit infantile, let me hasten to add that the photography is of a very high order (which is more than one can say for much of the written material), notably the terrifying back cover by Alex Levac, showing what might be a native holding a monkey over a fire. A number of works refer to the Holocaust. The cover is made up of a simple and effective cartoon-like line drawing (by Kadishman) of a face and a finger denoting the traditional Arab expression of scepticism or disbelief: *b'aini* (literally, "my eye"). A bargain at 1,500 shekels.

RHODA AND Israel Traub have not resettled permanently in Jerusalem as was written in a recent review; they continue to live and work in Zichron Yaacov.



Anton Biderman: Painting (Gallery Alon, Jerusalem).









# THE LONG GOODBYE

Divorce proceedings drag on endlessly in the rabbinical courts. JOEL REBIBO investigates.

YOSSI HAYUN has spent so much time in court he's beginning to feel like a criminal. "What crime am I guilty of?" the 33-year-old "trac-torist" from Safad asks. "All I want is a divorce." Last month, after seven years of litigation in the local court, he turned to the Rabbinical High Court of Appeal for help.

A Holon man, who spent 18 years trying unsuccessfully to convince his wife to accept his *get* (writ of divorce), heeded the unofficial advice of the local rabbinical court and took a common-law wife. Last year he celebrated his newborn's bar mitzva—and is still not divorced.

The story is even more tragic for women. *Agunot*, women trapped by husbands who refuse to give a *get*, have been known to commit suicide. One woman, an *aguna* for 10 years because she refused to relinquish custody of her son, was killed together with the child by a bomb placed in her car.

"There are more casualties in this country from divorce than from war," says Sylvia Mandelbaum, founder of Mitzva, the organization that helps couples either to become reconciled or to push through stalled divorce litigation.

Though many are quick to blame this situation on halachic rulings on divorce, Mandelbaum, who has been fighting lengthy divorce proceedings since 1978, disagrees.

"Halacha is actually very liberal in divorce," she says. "An agreement between a man and a woman, with minimal intervention, initiates the marriage and terminates it. The problem is that the halachic channels have been clogged."

She blames the courts and the lawyers for this situation.

"Judges must learn to expedite proceedings," she charges. "They need to be concerned with the element of time."

At the heart of the problem is the law that a *get* can only be granted if both parties agree to the divorce. While, in the times of the Talmud a

man could divorce his wife without her consent, about a thousand years ago an amendment by Rabbi Gershom was passed requiring the consent of both parties.

Under this law, proceedings can, and often do, drag on indefinitely, as matters of property division and child custody become bargaining chips to gain the consent of the recalcitrant party.

As a rule, where there is protracted divorce litigation there is blackmail. "Men and women are both victims," says Mandelbaum. Moshe Koenig of the Men's Association for Fair Divorce, tells of one wife who will only accept a divorce if four conditions are met: she is to receive payment of \$10,000, full ownership of the apartment, sole custody of the children and the return of her virginity.

Men can also use the divorce process to their advantage. Koenig is often asked how much he "got out of his wife" for granting the divorce.

"The party that is willing to hold out the longest wins," says Dr. Ya'acov Fogelman, a volunteer attorney for Mitzva.

**OTHER FACTORS** contribute to lengthy delays in divorce hearings. If either party makes a request for *sh'lam bayit* (peace in the home, or a reconciliation period), the motion for divorce is tabled for three months. *Sh'lam bayit* can also be declared by the courts. According to Mandelbaum, who is proud of a 12 per cent reconciliation rate for couples who turn to Mitzva, the divorce courts send the couple home to the same situation that brought them there in the first place, with no guidance and no idea of how to improve the relationship.

Mandelbaum is angry about the reluctance of the rabbinical courts to use their authority to impose just decisions. She recalls a case where the judges ruled in favour of the wife in a property dispute and recommended that the husband pay his

wife. However, they concluded the ruling by saying, "but we can't force you."

"If they hadn't added that statement the husband might have given in, but once he heard that tag line, which is always added, he knew he had nothing to lose. In European *shleims* the courts would physically force the man to give a *get*." Talking to the *Post* on condition that he not be identified, a senior official of the Tel Aviv District Rabbinical Court conceded that there are abuses under the current system. But, he insisted, the alternative would be worse.

"If every man who's decided he's tired of his wife and would prefer a younger woman could go to court and arbitrarily end his marriage, the damage to Jewish families would be devastating."

The notion that rabbinical courts used to beat or imprison men who didn't divorce their wives is widely misunderstood, he said. Only under extreme circumstances, i.e., if the husband refuses to support his wife, would he be coerced. Under normal circumstances a *get* given under coercion is invalid and subsequent children would be considered *mamzerim* (halachically illegitimate).

He also denied that couples are sent home for *sh'lam bayit* without guidance. "We make referrals to trained marriage counsellors and psychologists to help them improve their relationship," he said.

"We don't want to become divorce mills, granting *gittin* automatically. We are concerned for each couple that comes before the court and don't want to terminate any marriage unless we're certain that it cannot be saved."

**BUT** rabbinical courts are not the only arenas for separating couples. While it is true that only rabbinical courts can grant a *get*, related monetary issues can be handled by the civil courts.

Litigation in civil courts can also

drag on. Mitzva attorney Fogelman, who has experience in monetary disputes before the civil courts, finds them eager to have the parties arrive at an agreement themselves, and reluctant to impose decisions.

Another complaint comes from Koenig: "Civil courts destroy marriages that could survive," he charges. "They do not try to encourage *sh'lam bayit*."

Tel Aviv attorney Ya'acov Hezroni agrees that civil courts make no effort to help couples become reconciled, but adds that this is not their function. "They are there to adjudicate matters of property division and maintenance payments and that's all."

As a rule women tend to feel they will be treated more fairly by the civil courts; men prefer the rabbinical courts. Koenig complains of the "war of jurisdiction," that occurs in selecting the court in which the case will be heard. If the husband should turn first to a rabbinical court to file for divorce the case is tried there; if the woman turns first to a civil court, that is where it will be heard.

"Ultimately it is up to the woman to decide where the issues of support payments are decided," explains Hezroni.

**FOR THE** other primary cause of drawn-out divorce litigation, Mandelbaum has few kind words.

"Lawyers are an innovation of the Diaspora," she says, "and have no place in a divorce. The husband and wife who have enough hostility to begin with are encouraged to destroy each other in court, leaving the children emotional orphans."

"People pay thousands of dollars to lawyers who, because of conflict of interests, keep them from getting the divorce. And then they blame religion and the rabbinical courts."

One prominent attorney, who refused to go on record criticizing his colleagues, acknowledged that there are many lawyers who promote drawn-out divorce litigation.

Lawyers command a minimum fee of \$2,500, which covers only the first three hearings and opening various files, says one source. Each additional hearing means more money in the pockets of the lawyers. ("Rabbinical pleaders" who can practise only in rabbinical court, earn a minimum of \$1,000.)

The Association of Men for Fair Divorce was formed three years ago because, says Koenig, "the law is very inhumane and unconcerned with the man's wellbeing."

He describes the following scenario as typical: The wife stages a scene in front of the neighbours, making the husband seem violent, then goes to court and has him locked out of the house. She then files for an allowance (*mazonot l'isha*) and child-support payments (*mazonot l'yeladim*). Since, as a rule, she only receives an allowance as long as she remains married, she refuses to accept the divorce. With the law requiring the consent of both parties time is on her side.

Meanwhile the husband must pay for his own housing, in addition to these support payments, which Koenig maintains are determined arbitrarily. A man earning \$200,000 a month may be ordered to pay as much as \$150,000 a month, he says. "And it doesn't matter if the man will have nothing to live on or no chance to marry again."

Under the circumstances the husband is eager to expedite the divorce while the wife has everything to gain by refusing.

The effects, says Koenig, can be devastating.

On a visit to Ramle prison to see a man who had written the association for help, Koenig found the waiting room filled with people who'd come to visit men imprisoned for failure to make support payments.

**ANOTHER** matter of concern to the association is the question of child custody. In the civil courts women almost always win custody of



17th century divorce: a hearing before a German rabbinical court (facing page) and (above) divorce ceremony in Holland.

the children; the same is true in the rabbinical courts, except in the case of sons over the age of six. Then, since it is the father's responsibility to teach his son, the father stands a better chance of winning custody. But, as the court official explained, "not all fathers are equipped to teach their sons."

Visiting rights typically mean seeing the children twice a week for two hours, and every third Shabbat (including Friday). But women can violate this agreement without fear of retribution from the courts or the police, complains Koenig.

He recalls the case of a father who was denied his visiting rights for six months, and the first words he heard from his four-year-old son were: "Mommy said you were dead."

Another father, who happened to meet his children in the Old City, was asked if the two blonde tourists passing by were the girlfriends their mother spoke of.

The chances of men obtaining custody are so slim that lawyers have been known to advise their clients to kidnap their children.

Men complain bitterly about the leniency shown by the courts and the police towards women. One man was awakened at 6.30 one morning when citric acid was thrown on his eyes by his wife. He called the police and waited two hours for them to arrive. They took his statement, and sent him to the emergency room of the duty hospital, where his eyes were flushed and bandaged. His condition was serious enough for him to be admitted to the hospital for treatment.

The police did nothing; the file was closed, and no action was taken.

Women in turn complain that while a man has the option of taking a common-law wife and having children if his wife refuses to accept his divorce, a woman who does the same is called an adulteress and her children are declared *mamzerim*. Attorney Hezroni, however, points out

that there are men sitting in jail for refusing to give a *get*; there was one man who died in jail rather than grant the divorce as ordered.

Yet another option available only to men is the *heter nishin d'mea rabbanim* — a proclamation issued under extreme circumstances which legally frees the husband to marry without the consent of his wife.

In Israel the *heter nishin* is issued by the High Court of Appeal in Jerusalem only after the local district rabbinical court has rendered a final decision.

**LAST MONTH** I was invited to join Hayun, who has tried unsuccessfully for seven years to divorce his wife Zipora, when he turned to the High Court for this "last-chance" appeal.

The issue in Hayun's case is his apartment, which he bought and paid for before the wedding. Its estimated value is \$25,000.

He is willing to comply with the Common Property Law of January 1, 1974 which makes husband and wife equal partners in all their belongings. In fact, at one time he offered to give her 75 per cent of the value of the apartment and the right to live there as long as she wanted.

She refused his offer. She would only grant a divorce if she got it all. His case was handled by the District Court in Safad. After seven years of appeals for *sh'lam bayit* (filed by both sides) and misplaced files, the court decided not to decide on the matter of their divorce.

Once this decision was given, Mitzva's Mandelbaum advised Hayun to appeal to the High Court for the *heter nishin*.

As it turned out, his trip to Jerusalem was just a waste of time — the High Court refused even to accept his application.

He claims he made it clear to the Safad court that he needed his file for the purpose of appealing to the High Court for a *heter nishin*. But the file they turned over to him was unacceptable to the Jerusalem court.

The lower court's decision was not typed as required (it was a scribble that the clerk could barely read); only one of the three judges signed the decision; and his wife's file number was the only one to appear on the decision, where his was required as well.

Mandelbaum does not fault the High Court for refusing to act, as it can only rule once the district court has rendered a decision. She is furious with the Safad court, which she claims was equally inefficient with another client of hers. Hayun contends that the Safad court is mismanaged.

The only thing accomplished that day was a letter written by the court clerk to the Safad court explaining how the file has to appear if it is to be acceptable to the Jerusalem court.

Mandelbaum suspects that even this minor concession was gained because of concern that the case would receive media attention.

**HER CONCERN** over poor administration in local rabbinical courts is shared by many. Koenig claims that some courts are so poorly supervised that anyone can walk in and disappear with a divorce file. "Many cases have been stalled when files have mysteriously disappeared," he says.

Hayun is angry and tired. When asked what he'll do if his latest effort fails, he says: "I'll never enter a rabbinical court again. I'll take up with another woman and start a new family, even without the divorce; and I'll try to get a share of the apartment out of the civil courts."

Mandelbaum, a religious woman, claims that the delays in rabbinical courts are turning people away from halachic divorces and creating further problems of *mamzerim*.

She offers several proposals to improve the situation.

To begin with, she wants to see full disclosure of the rights of each litigant who walks into a rabbinical court. "People don't know their rights — and if you can't identify your rights, you can't use them."

In one case, the husband pleaded *sh'lam bayit* and the judge ordered the woman to return home with her husband. Mandelbaum told her to refuse. The man had forced her to have an abortion and she stood up to the judge: "We have murder between us," she said. "I can't go back home with him." The judge backed down.

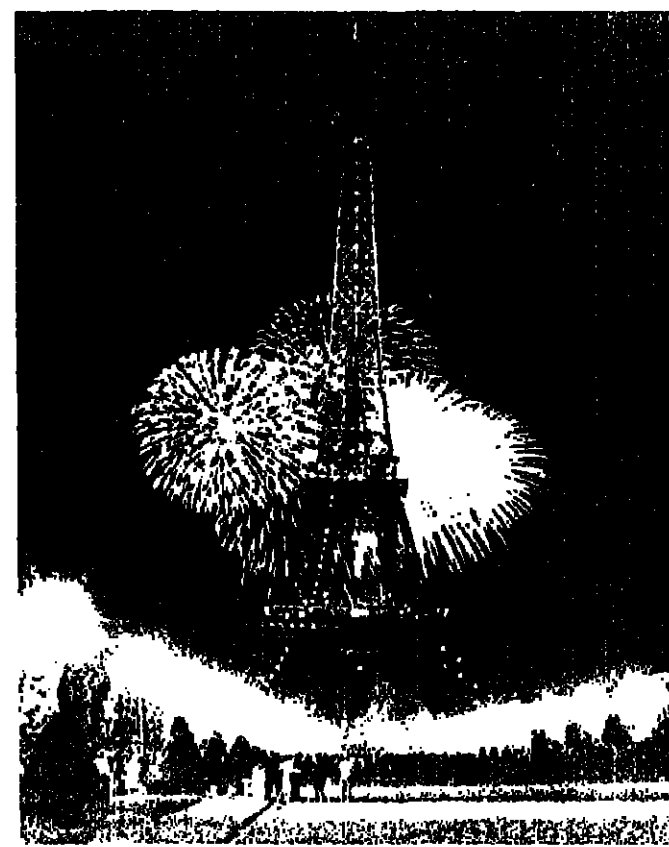
Another recommendation, supported by Rabbi Bezalel Zolt, who served as Ashkenazi chief rabbi of Jerusalem from 1971 until his death in 1982, is to "unlink" property and custody issues from the granting of the *get*. He maintained that, since the parties do not want to live together, they should not be forced to remain in an unnatural state; the *get* should be granted and the other issues should then be decided. (In cases where one of the parties lived outside Israel, and the other matters could not be resolved, he would agree to withhold the *get* until all matters were settled.)

Mandelbaum would also like to see a time limit applied to divorce proceedings. "Let there be a two- or three-year limit, at the end of which time the *get* is granted. This would limit the extent of the blackmail."

The ultimate solution, says Mandelbaum, is to worry about divorce before marriage. "If parents would see to it that their children signed a well-written pre-nuptial agreement, a shored-up version of today's traditional pre-*hippa* signing ceremony, much of the pain could be avoided. But no one wants to think about the possibility of divorce until the marriage is in trouble."

And by then it's too late.

## Paris Praises Peres



They love us again in Paris. Israeli Prime Minister Peres returned from his state visit to France positively aglow from talks with French leaders that were warm, hospitable and, one could say, franc.

The welcome accorded Peres signals a new era in Franco-Israeli relations. Jacques Chirac, the Mayor of Paris, commented that he could not recall a warmer welcome for a visiting statesman, while another Frenchman was overheard to say, "Why don't we have any French politicians like Peres?" Israeli diplomacy is riding so high that even Jordan's King Hussein was quoted on a radio station as saying that Peres is "a likeable fellow."

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THE PUBLICATION of this chronicle, on the fortieth anniversary of the liquidation of the Lodz Ghetto, is a milestone in Holocaust studies. Its wealth of information and accuracy, and the systematic manner in which it was compiled, makes it an unequalled source on the history of the destruction of European Jewry. The reports it includes were written by a group which comprised, among others, an ethnographer, an eminent biblical scholar, historians, writers and journalists.

They were written on a daily basis, in the Lodz Ghetto, in the Department of Archives founded by Mordechai Chaim Rumkowski, the Eldest of the Jews, on November 17, 1940, and organized by Henryk Naftalin. From January 12, 1941 to September 1, 1942 they were written in Polish, and then, from September 1942 to the end, in German, by Jews deported to Lodz from Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia. At one period, they were written also in both languages. They provide a unique account of a persecuted community caught in the cogs of a cruel machine.

It may never be established how much of the Archive's material was discovered at war's end. One part of it was located by Nachman Sonabend, who managed to escape the last deportation, and remained in the Ghetto till its liberation in January, 1945. The second part was retrieved, from where it had been hidden in the grounds of the Ghetto's fire department, in October 1946. The last part of this cache of documents was concealed in Lodz's Jewish cemetery, and fell into the hands of the Germans.

The preliminary task of recovering these documents was carried out by the Central Jewish Historical Commission of Lodz, headed by Dr. Josef Kermish, who was later the director of the Yad Vashem archives in Jerusalem.

LODZ HAD close to a quarter of a million Jews before the war, one-third of the city's population. It had some 170,000 Jews at the time of the establishment of the Ghetto, 70,000 of whom were deported to the death camp at Chelmo in 1942. Twenty thousand were re-settled in the Ghetto from other countries and there were still over 60,000 when it was liquidated in the autumn of 1944.

*The Chronicle* was first written in long hand, then five or six carbon copies were typed out. It comprised about 1,000 bulletins, ranging in size from half a page to 10 or even more pages. In addition to accounts of the day's events, it included intensively informative articles and essays.

The Lodz Ghetto was for over four years sealed off almost hermetically from the outside world. But their status allowed its chroniclers free access to all Ghetto documents, statistics and decrees. The Ghetto was a world of its own, with its own administration, Jewish police, law courts, prison, post office, stamps and currency. The chroniclers reported on anything deserving of comment, but exercised restraint in presenting their own opinions.

The Germans were unaware that *The Chronicle* was being written, but its writers felt obliged to restrict themselves to facts, and hardly ever commented on the directives of their masters. *The Chronicle* represented an admirable group effort, even if the articles were not uniform in structure or style. But the writers did not know much more than any other Ghetto inhabitant about the ultimate aim of the German policy, and the true nature of the "resettlement." They believed, like most other Lodz

## Documenting disaster



THE CHRONICLE OF THE LODZ GHETTO 1941-1944. Edited by Lucjan Dobroszycki. New Haven and London, Yale University Press. 551 pp. No price stated.

Alexander Zvielli

Jews, that the efficiency of the industry located at the Ghetto, which worked full time for the German war effort, would ensure their safety during the war. Moreover, *The Chronicle* registers a certain amount of various rumours, and its quotations from "letters" or "postcards" received from those already deported.

*The Chronicle* was greatly different from the Warsaw Ghetto underground press in that it failed to warn of Gestapo duplicity, especially when mass deportation was under way. *The Chronicle* merely reported that the deported were "working under conditions that are bearable" at the time when the death camp at Chelmo was working full time.

But the truth could not be hidden for long, especially after the forcible evacuation of patients from hospitals. It was clear that deported old people and small children could not provide a working force. The dread of evacuation felt throughout *The Chronicle* indicates that the Jews became aware soon enough of the real meaning of "resettlement."

ON SEPTEMBER 2, 1942, *The Chronicle* reports: "All of yesterday, day and night, the populace was affected by nightmarish experiences. The authorities have ordered the Eldest of the Jews to hand over all those who fled the hospitals and, in the end, the number of persons who were to be rounded up for deportation today was set at 200. Consequently, the Order Service has been issued strict orders to round up the hospital escapees who are in hiding or to arrest members of the families

if they fail to determine where the escapees are hiding. On the alert, the Order Service rounded up more than 200 and the extras were released today...Terrified that his aged mother would be evacuated, a son died of a heart attack and, two hours later, the mother, as a person who had qualified for admission to the hospital, was taken away by the Jewish police. One woman fled the hospital the day after having been sutured following childbirth (the child had been stillborn), crossed over the bridge and, today, died. The exact number of victims cannot be determined yet: there were those who were direct victims of the evacuation and others who were affected indirectly, as well as accidental victims. Nurses who tried to help patients escape were fired on but, fortunately, none were hit."

However, on June 28, 1943, *The Chronicle* reports: "Lately, more and more messages have been arriving here from people who left this ghetto in the course of various resettlements. These are postcards with brief messages that indicate that the senders are not faring too badly. At any rate, it is a reassuring sign that these people are alive and able to work..."

In Chelmo, as in other death camps, the SS men forced their victims to write postcards to their families: "We're doing well." "We're working in the Reich." Yet, on September 6, 1943, *The Chronicle* reported: "More old shoes have come into the ghetto. Twelve freight cars had been unloaded as of September 5. The old-shoes warehouse will be busy for many months just sorting out this vast quantity. Think for a moment of the various categories that need to be dealt with: (1) leather and other shoes; (2) men's, women's and children's shoes; (3) right shoes and left shoes; (4) whole shoes and half shoes; (5) black shoes and brown shoes. Finally - and this is the hardest job of all - matching pairs have to be ferreted

out. Considering these mountains of second-hand shoes, one can hardly believe that such a job is possible... It is difficult to imagine that the writer of such a news item was unaware of the truth, and did not know from where all those shoes came.

The inhabitants of the Ghetto had been compelled into almost total submission by 10-12 hours a day of hard work, and by dreadful living conditions. They feared the Ghetto "King" Rumkowski, the brutal Germans and the Jewish police. And above all, they were physically and spiritually incapacitated by hunger. References to it are extremely frequent.

On January 20, 1944, *The Chronicle* reports: "The bad situation remains unaltered. The winter supplies of potatoes and partially rotten turnips have been consumed in nearly all households. People are faced with the catastrophe of inevitable starvation." And, as in the Warsaw Ghetto, some people volunteered for resettlement for a loaf of bread.

*The Chronicle* records daily births, deaths, and suicides (which occurred most often among Jews resettled from the West). It notes a peculiarity of the Ghetto: the entire absence of pets. It offers sketches of Ghetto life. There is an entry for April 22, 1944: "As recently as a few months ago there were large garbage pits behind the Carpentry Shop on Drukarska Street. All the neighbourhood refuse was dumped there...As you approach the area a choking, pestilential stench assaults your nose. Only a truly god-forsaken ghetto could stink like this. Where was that horrible smell coming from all of a sudden? A swarm of boys, armed with spades and picks, bowls and small sacks, are burrowing in the ground. They dig in like moles, like soldiers taking cover; they dig up the sand until they reach the garbage, and pull something out of the abominable filth. Horrified, I ask a boy: 'What are you doing, what are you looking for?' Almost glaring, he replies: 'What do you care, it's nothing you'd be interested in...We're digging for potatoes.' I look at these potatoes in horror. Stinking, rotting remains from nearby kitchens, from the ghetto's poor households."

THE GHETTO inhabitants were gradually deprived of everything: contacts with the outside world, electricity, cooking gas, coal, bicycles, and even musical instruments. The worst fate awaited those who lived in hiding for they were naturally deprived of their food coupons.

On Sunday, February 20, 1944, *The Chronicle* notes "one man who was ferreted out of his hiding place had been living on nothing but ersatz coffee for days and, naturally, was half starved...Another man was found in a soup kitchen that had been closed down; he was discovered in a cauldron, half frozen...Many others keep changing their hiding places at night. From one district to another, one step ahead of the patrols. Since all parts of the ghetto are interconnected by open courtyards and a labyrinth of passageways, the fugitives can evade the manhunt fairly easily. Their families, though, cannot hold out in the long run; and so every day, emaciated men, in a state of nervous exhaustion, are turning themselves in at Central Prison...A hunger blockade in the city of hunger... This is hunger to the nth degree."

There were also lighter moments. There were private libraries and some cultural events. There were marriages performed by Rumkowski, births and divorces. There were religious ceremonies. On April 7, 1944, *The Chronicle* reports: "The ghetto is in a holiday spirit for Erev Pesach. The meager supplies of matzot are the only visible sign of a holiday. In all likelihood, there is not a real Seder plate in any home. Not even the wine that the Chairman has bestowed upon his Hassidim will contribute much to the festive mood - the wine is made of fruit juice. But then no one can give more than he has." A few days earlier, the gravediggers had demanded a third bowl of soup a day in return for their hard work.

There were tiny plots of land where the inhabitants attempted to grow vegetables. Onions fetched huge prices. On August 21, 1943, *The Chronicle* reports: "In every street of the ghetto the same scene is played: a visibly ill old man or a frail boy crouches in a doorway holding two or three onion plants in his hand. The young plants, as consumptive as their vendors, have had to give their lives prematurely. A tiny onion, a tender little plant with a narrow root - one cannot really call it an onion; a narrow stalk, wilting in the hand of its hawker, 1.50 marks for a tiny onion..."

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NO REVIEW can convey an adequate idea of the enormous mass of information provided by *The Chronicle*, which spans the period between January 12, 1941 and July 30, 1944, when the Red Army was approaching. It may seem monotonous and repetitive, for ghetto life was intensely monotonous and repetitive. But the literary impact of the narrative is strong. The reader is immersed in Lodz Ghetto reality, even though these events occurred forty years ago.

This first English edition of *The Chronicle* is an abridgement though an admirable one. Lucjan Dobroszycki, the editor, lived in Lodz till he was deported to Auschwitz in 1944. His parents and two younger brothers perished but he survived. He is now senior research assistant of Yivo, Institute for Advanced Jewish Studies in New Haven. He has made every effort to preserve the authentic original text in translation. He has written an extensive introduction, provided footnotes, seventy photographs most of them never published till now, and four maps. He is the author of a number of books but there can be little doubt that *The Chronicle of the Lodz Ghetto* is his most important achievement.

## Memoirs of a man of wit

CRACOW WAS FORGOTTEN ONLY GRADUALLY (*Nie o razę Krakow zapomniano*) by Haim Abir. Tel Aviv, Tirosh. 142 pp. No price stated.

POLISH READERS, and admirers of the late Haim Abir (Dr. Henryk Ritterman), will certainly enjoy his autobiography.

Abir, who was editor of the Polish-language *Kurier and Przegląd*, and the former Israeli consul to Bulgaria, was famous for his wit and sharp pen. His memoirs contain a fascinating description of life in pre-World War II Cracow and Israel.

Abir employed a witty style, also, in the sketches he wrote for Dziennik and Shumacher, and for the Israeli satirical theatres, Li La Lo and Mitate. He was a man of many talents, and his book captures very well Tel Aviv's artistic milieu.



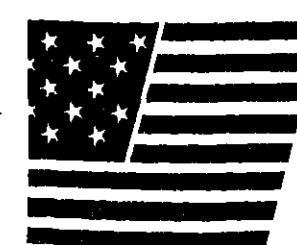
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## New poem sequence

**CLAIMS** by Shirley Kaufman. New York. The Sheep Meadow Press. 80 pp. \$13.95.

Ruth Nevo

IN *CLAIMS*, Shirley Kaufman's fifth collection of poems, we become aware of a scope and breadth of view which go beyond her previous work, already well-known and loved by her Jerusalem readers and acclaimed abroad. Her mastery and subtlety of tone, her faultless rhythms, her wry candour, the antenna-like sensitivity and precision of assonance and imagery, are what they always were: delicate fallen Jacaranda flowers "lie where they fall like pouches of shrivelled skin" ("Jacaranda"); the moon, white even by day, "should know better, balancing sideways like a moth that can't stay out of the light" ("The Last Judgement"); the surface of the Dead Sea "floats on its warm back, smiling" ("Spring"). But there is a new dimension, and a new architectural. And the crystal clarity which is the distillation of a lifetime's craft.

*Claims* is not an anthology, though it consists of some sixty separate short poems. It achieves what early modernism, in its Imagist phase, thought impossible: a long poem. There is no overt narrative, or drama, or central theme of formal symmetry to provide a beginning, middle and end. Yet it possesses the unity of a living organism, its connective tissue a web of tenuous fine threads, loosely, contingently interwoven, never marshalled or ordered but meandering, as haphazard and spontaneous as memories, feelings, impulses themselves. And therefore, in a phrase from one of the poems "as authentic as anything in this improbable world" ("On the Way to Moriah"). Just occasionally there is a flavour of the arbitrary, of the presence of a poem that doesn't quite seem to belong. But that one should be able to make such a distinction is an index of the tough subtler coherence of the rest.

The lyric moments that it captures weave back and forth upon a loom of time, and space, in a centre of consciousness that contains, not Whitman's multitudes, but the jagged, poignant fragments of lost worlds: the worlds of the parents, back in Seattle, Oregon — "untouchable doilies, / dark oak smelling of polish, and the sun / stopped back of the curtains / so the upholstery wouldn't fade" ("Like fear"); of the grandparents in Brest Litovsk, the uncles in the faded photographs, "little brown ghosts from Poland / in strange clothes" ("Uncles"); of Aunt Fan in a pleased skirt... for whom no one was good enough...dabbing "White

Shoulders' behind her ears / as if Vronsky were coming" ("Aunt Fan") (Who didn't have an Aunt Fan? Mine was called, in the softer South African dialect, Auntie Fannie); of those other multitudes recalled on Remembrance Day, in "Lvov, Vilna, Bialystock, plucking their kosher chickens, dealing in second-hand pants or salt herring," frozen forever like a cinema still as if the autumn of 1939 had never come ("As the reel turns"). And, "all the way back" of the mythic personae of biblical Jerusalem transmuted into the quotidian here and now, an indissoluble presence of the past. Many of the most powerful poems are telescopic, time-consuming, con-consuming. There is an International Harp Contest in the City of David, Jebusites "as if the air still passes / through their sleeves", in Area G, ("City of David" I and II). In *Deja Vu*, Sarah and Hagar meet at the Dome of the Rock "where Isaac was cut free / at the last minute".

Whatever they wanted for their sons will be wanted for ever, success, the right wife, they should be good to their mothers... they walk out of each other's lives like the last time, silent, not mentioning the angels of god and the bright miracles of birth and water. Not telling that the boys are gone... Sarah is in her cool villa... She brings the food to the table where he's already seated... listening to the news, the common corruptions they don't even speak about now. Guess who I met she says talking across the desert...

Hagar shops in the market. There's a run on chickens, the grapes are finished and the plums are soft. She fills her bag with warm bread fresh from the oven thinking there's nothing to forgive, I got what I wanted from the old man... She buys a kilo of ripe figs. She climbs the dusty path home.

*Claims* is a Proustian remembrance but the taste of the madeleine accompanies Shirley Kaufman always, like the small child who is herself, who "won't let go," who "wades on her shadow" in Puget Sound "as it puckers like an old face." "You shake out the past," she writes, "as you shake out the cloth after dinner / but your tongue is under the window / catching the crumbs" ("The road out of Poland"). Or she tries to get into "her old self" again "like a cold foot pulling on its sock" ("Learning dis-

trust"). The poems create little parabolas of past and present through which to hold on to the fragile self and to make a space for it to breathe. There is too much history, too many claims. We are

Chosen for what? the live carp flap in their vats. They think they should be flying. I take one home in a plastic bag.

IMAGES OF constriction abound, of great weight — stones on the chest, the mind, rocks on the grave of the dead soldier "to weight him down when his spirit gets restless" ("Between wars"); stones which "stare at the sun without blinking / and when they've had enough, make holes in the sky / so the rain will run down their faces" ("Stones"); "All day my head spins / in a great hollow. Holding it up" ("The dome"). It is a great effort to reach for the air, the light: "I need to be held to the light / like the blue glass of Hebron" ("Levitation"). But the self, in its sensuous, tenacious grip, indomitable. "History is what we choose / to remember, peeling the present from its skin like a ripe orange, / juice on our fingers." Jerusalem, therefore, is a melon:

When you slice it in half, the seeds fall out of the little pink tub in the center and it smells like Solomon's temple.

So you eat it.

And you make what you can of things as they are, "in praise of our bodies on the bed."

The sequence begins and ends with a lyric of the seasons. "Jacaranda, Autumn Crocus" the tree "making us look again," the crocus saying for a moment, Look! But the poems do not trace out a consolatory cycle of natural decay renewal. There is a subtle sorrow of dissonance between the world that is alive — "the sky leans on its elbow / smiling" ("Levitation") — and the human bodies that are alive only until they are no longer alive, between "the sweet crop swelling / and the failing heart" ("Proximities"). The poems' trajectory curves through space and time in a present, a presence, that is a perpetual compassion for that which is always too soon or too late, like the new-born orphaned fawn "trying to keep its bones together" ("Fawn") or the dying mother, whose "shiny knuckles are lighter than anything she held," recalling an unborn child ("After so little").

These are poems only a woman could have written; delicate sensitive life runs through them, like the river the rain made in her mother's ribs "on which her sad heart drifted" ("The distance"). They have a depth and resonance, and a cool iridescence, that live in the mind long after the book is closed. Born in America, Shirley Kaufman is truly a poet of Jerusalem now. We are all the richer for her passage from one life to another.

## A Midlands poet

FROM MIDDLE ENGLAND: A Memory of the 1930s and 1940s by Philip Oakes. London, Penguin Books. 411 pp. £3.95.

Meir Ronnen

THIS NEW paperback comprises the two earlier sections of novelist-poet Oakes' memoir of his childhood and adolescence in institutions

in the Midlands, after a fairly genteel start in life. In his subsequent volume of autobiography, reviewed in these columns last year, we met our hero stepping out into the world after knocking up his housemother, he not yet 16, she twice his age. This book tells how it all came about.

It's a marvellous account of growing up in the Thirties, wonderfully re-observed, intensely funny, running the gamut from the Dickensian to the proto-mod — and all without a


single wisecrack. Oakes delineates each character with both insight and compassion. His chums were not exactly Harry Wharton and his ilk. It is likely that they never read anything like *The Gem* or *The Magnet*. Indeed, they seem to have had a penchant for nudist magazines, though Oakes was perceptive enough to realize that the spartan sterility displayed there was not exactly the stuff of dreams.

Everyday life is full of drama. Oakes gives us a narrative in which life's little dramas are elevated into an unpretentious but intensely rewarding art form. In other words, a great and greatly entertaining read.

The Jerusalem Post

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1984

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE SEVENTEEN



I GENERALLY find myself in 100 per cent agreement with the views expressed by Police Minister Haim Bar-Lev and Yossi Sarid MK, even when the two of them express diametrically opposed opinions. They are both eminently rational and idealistic Israelis, voicing very cogently the ideas of all correct-thinking Israelis, as distinct from Right-thinking Israelis.

But I am afraid that they went as far astray this week as a space rocket launched by an aberrant computer, when they pressured for the early return to his office in Israel of the minister of industry and trade, Ariel Sharon. Nothing could be so opposed to the true interests of the state as Sharon coming back to do his job. The longer he stays away litigating hell-for-leather, the better for Israel.

It is noteworthy that, while he was absent on his legal business, the package deal became effective, the import-export ration improved considerably, Prime Minister Shimon Peres made peace with the French, negotiations for our withdrawal from Lebanon got going, and some interesting noises came from Amman.

Bar-Lev told a television reporter that, at so critical a time, one of the holders of a major economic portfolio should be at his desk. Nonsense. I am sure that Sir Humphrey, of *Yes, Minister*, would agree with me that, in an ideal democracy, ministers would all be abroad litigating, thus freeing the civil servants to get on with the business of government. I have noticed a similar phenomenon in football teams that sack their managers: as soon as they are rudderless, teams start to win matches. Managerless Queens Park Rangers stopped Everton, the league leaders, dead in their tracks last week.

HOW MUCH happier our history would have been if some magazine, amiably disposed to Israel, had defamed Sharon and thereby got him to sue and stay abroad many years ago. If this had happened when he was minister of agriculture, our farmers might have been saved some grievous suffering. When he was minister of defence, it would have been infinitely preferable for him to have taken action in the New York courts than in the mountains of Lebanon.

So our aim should be to get *Time* to drag out their lawsuit as long as possible. Hamlet mentioned "the law's delays." Charles Dickens devoted a whole novel to the subject. Let us pray that Sharon *versus Time* will go on and on and on, requiring his presence in New York indefinitely. Without him around, in a few

## A light (of litigation) unto the gentiles



TELEREVIEW / Philip Gillon

months Peres will have solved the economic crisis, got the boys out of Lebanon, perhaps even negotiated peace with the Arabs.

Like the true patriot that he is, Sharon is only fulfilling the edict of the Kahan Commission that was ignored by the late and unlamented Likud government. The Commission ruled that he should not take any part in affairs of state for a very long time, and he is complying with this decision. It is a very noble gesture, which should be commended, not criticized.

He told the ITV reporter in New York that, if he gets his \$50m. from *Time*, he will use the money to set up a fund to fight anti-Semitism and anti-Israel defamations cases wherever the need arises. What a magnificent concept! It is so wonderful that, even if, due to some flaw in the process of American law, he does not get the money from *Time*, we should provide him with all the funds he needs for his purpose for creating a Ministry of Overseas Litigation, headed by Sharon, with its headquarters abroad.

Its functions would be to track down libels and slanders against us and ours even in the uttermost corners of the earth, and there to sue, and sue, and sue. The ministry could

abstract from our midst many other politicians, apart from Sharon, who will serve us best by not being here. For instance, I am sure that some Kanaka in New Caledonia has told another that Ronnie Milo is a Fascist - let us send Arik and Ronnie there to take appropriate legal steps. A penguin at the South Pole squawks to another that he does not believe that the beard of Shimon Ben-Shimon MK of Shas is genuine - action stations! In the Congo, the pygmies comment adversely on the style of speech of Deputy Prime Minister David Levy - out with a summons. As Isaiah nearly prophesied, we shall be a light of litigation, unto the gentiles.

I remember that, in June, 1982, when Sharon and then-chief of general staff Rafael Eitan were sending our armies far beyond the 40-km. *cordon sanitaire*, which the then-prime minister Menachem Begin said was the object of the exercise, and everybody was wondering what our war aims really were, I wrote about Sharon wanting to reach the gates of Moscow and Teheran. He was denied the opportunity to do so. But now he should be given a chance to carry his message to the law courts in all parts of the globe.

No, no, please, please, Haim and

Yossi, drop your campaign to bring him back soon. Start one instead to keep him abroad.

SEVERAL hours on Sunday night were devoted to a special programme about what was posed as a very novel subject, *The Jewish People - a Passing Crisis*. To me it seemed to be a misnomer - the crisis has been around without passing for four millennia. Thirty years ago Dr. Nahum Goldmann devoted an address to Congress to the theme of "the kiss of death," the spiritual suicide of the Jewish people through assimilation, which was what Sunday night's discussion was all about.

I was very pleased to see Dr. Yehoshua Porat in the chair; there was a very successful technical innovation: Howard Squadron, who does not understand Hebrew, was given an unobtrusive instant translation by means of a microphone in his ear.

The catalyst of the programme was an address by President Chaim Herzog, in which he expressed his fear that our people are disappearing. He cited the following statistics: the birth rate in the U.S. has dropped to 1.6; 20 per cent of American Jewish students do not call themselves Jews; hardly any Jewish children between the ages of seven and 16 get any kind of Jewish education. Thus he feared, not physical annihilation of the Jews, but voluntary suicide. Professor Yehuda Blum, our former ambassador to the U.N., added another gloomy figure: he said that the rate of intermarriage in the U.S. reaches about 45 per cent.

We were shown a depressing film about the Jews in France, in which young Jews said that they saw no reason whatsoever to immigrate to our very uninviting Israel. Then a large and formidable panel got down to a lively and good-humoured discussion about the imminent spiritual death facing Jewry.

All the Israelis discussed the disappearing Diaspora with considerable zest and relish; they obviously thought that such a demise would teach a well-deserved lesson to Jews who failed to come on aliya to Israel. I was reminded of Mark Twain's comment on a man who walked around the edge of a well, and fell in, and broke his neck: "That'll teach him not to walk round the edge of a well in future."

DR. PORAT had obviously arranged in advance with A.B. Yehoshua that the Sabra novelist would be an *enfant terrible*, saying the most awful things, such as that he didn't care a tinker's cuss about what happened to the Diaspora, only about what would happen to the State of Israel. He made one good remark:

he said that, in 150 years, somewhere in one of the colonies in outer space, there would be Jews going to synagogue and praying. "Next year in Jerusalem."

Much though I admire Yehoshua's writing and politics, I must admit that he overacted and hammed his role as the rampant Israeli to such an extent that he made an idiot of himself.

There was much talk about why Jews were failing to come on aliya. It is no longer fashionable to make this demand, as David Ben-Gurion used to, when he infuriated the Diaspora Zionists by saying that they were no longer entitled to call themselves Zionists if they did not immigrate. I remember one irate woman from the U.S. asking my wife at the time whether she agreed with B-G's proposition that all Jews must come on aliya, and my wife answered with a wistful sigh, "No, but we should take turns."

In an era in which hundreds of thousands of Israelis have taken over Queens in New York and slices of other cities around the globe, we can hardly go on screaming, "Immigrate or perish!"

Squadron, who was far and away the most constructive member of the panel, perhaps because he was the only one really concerned personally about the future of U.S. Jewry, was also the only optimist. He queried President Herzog's statistics, saying that the 1.6 birth-rate applied in a decade now out-of-date; with babies once more fashionable in the U.S., the Jewish rate has risen to 2.3. Secondly, on the subject of Blum's 45 per cent intermarriage, he pointed out that more converts to Judaism come into our ranks through intermarriage than converts to Christianity desert us.

NOBODY was impressed; they obviously don't accept that these additions are real Jews. Besides, they wanted to keep their horror story intact.

Squadron is convinced that a Jew is anybody who calls himself a Jew, whatever the Halacha may say, and that the state of Israel and its vast needs provide a core of identification for the entire Jewish people. Professor Blum coined a nice phrase: he said that Ben-Gurion had wanted Israel to be a light unto the gentiles, but perhaps it was more important that it be a light unto the Jews.

Professor Yehuda Prawer sighed for the happy days when we had Zionist Socialist schools, teaching the dignity of labour and such ideals. This trend had been sacrificed to build up the state - but the state had nothing inspiring to offer in place of the old ideology.

Grackles nest in the face of the rocky cliffs around the Dead Sea and other such sites, laying their eggs on the stone floor of the niche they have chosen. Young grackles are a rather dull, grey-black, and only get the reddish patch on their wings after the first moult. Grackles eat a variety of fruits and seeds and are especially fond of the fruit of the *Salvadora* bushes that grow in these arid places. However, like many basically vegetarian birds, they feed their young on insects.

I suspect they were talking about the grapes. Of course they would, at times, steal a few grapes; but then it was back to the tree, where, for another period, they would chatter again. This would go on for quite a while every morning and again in the late afternoon. In the meantime other - less obvious - birds were busy eating grapes.

The problem was eventually solved by several actions, including carbide cannons that went "boon" at intervals, and wires above the vineyard. As a result, the grackles are in no particular danger today

ing but even while in flight. The farmers cannot be blamed for what they thought was happening because, first thing in the morning, there were the grackles, sitting in the trees around the vineyard and making a lot of noise.

CRACKLES are very noisy and excitable birds, and in a colony they communicate with one another with a lot of chatter, not only while resting but even while in flight. The farmers cannot be blamed for what they thought was happening because, first thing in the morning, there were the grackles, sitting in the trees around the vineyard and making a lot of noise.

THIS COLUMN is about inflation of another kind - the inflation of the flesh. Excess pounds and centimetres are endemic to prosperous societies such as ours. Recently, by chance, I have encountered several approaches to reducing unwanted girth - the spirulina way, the Weight Watchers' way, and the surgical way. It may be unfair of me to introduce spirulina in an article on weight control, as this is only one possible reason to use this type of alga, supposed to be good for health in all sorts of ways. However, readers who have heard of spirulina at all have probably heard of it as a diet aid. That's how it was popularly promoted in the western world a few years ago.

*Spirulina platensis*, to use its formal name, is being promoted in Israel today for an entirely different reason: It has been discovered to have a good export potential by settlements in the arid Negev, where sources of livelihood are not easy to find. There is a considerable demand for this alga in health-food circles in Europe and North America. A press luncheon was held last week at the Tel Aviv Hilton to spur local consumption.

The most ambitious manufacturer of spirulina is Ein Yahav Micro-Algae Production at the moshav of that name 120 km. north of Eilat. The microscopic spiral algae which reach the market in green powder or tablet form are grown as a scum on the saline ponds of the locality.

The idea of growing spirulina commercially in the Negev came from researchers at Ben-Gurion University. Prof. Amos Richman explained that the research was part of the search for fast-growing, single-cell proteins, inspired by the panic theory of the '60s that the world was running out of food.

The African tribes near Lake Chad collect spirulina in nets, dry it, and use it to supplement their basic carbohydrate food, the cassava plant. The combination gives them a balanced diet, as spirulina is rich in protein, vitamins and minerals.

The typical well-fed Israeli, however, will not look to spirulina as a serious source of protein. True, it is 65 per cent protein, but a jar of powdered spirulina weighs a mere 17 gms. - which works out at about a dozen teaspoons with one gm. of protein apiece. The recommended price is \$2.10 per jar.

By comparison, 100 gr. of beef steak or fish fillet contains about 20 gr. of protein, and costs much less. The recommended daily protein intake for adults varies anywhere from 30 to 90 gr., depending on your sex, age and activity level. Spirulina from Ein Yahav also comes in half-gram tablets, 70 to the bottle, at \$4.20.

IN DEVELOPED societies, vegetarians are probably the only consumers who may look to spirulina as a partial source of their protein intake. For other people, its main value is as a nutritional supplement, or a health or diet aid. It is said to be the most highly-concentrated source of Vitamin B-12 and is very rich in gamma-linolenic acid, an essential fatty acid. It also contains Vitamins E and C, iron, calcium, zinc, potassium and magnesium.

Prof. Richman told us that some studies have shown spirulina to be useful in lowering blood pressure and cholesterol levels. It has also been found to alleviate the premenstrual syndrome because of its Vitamin B-12 and gamma-linolenic acid, often administered separately. A recent study in Germany indicated a connection between spirulina tablets and weight loss.

# The other inflation



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

Dr. Azaria David, a physician who practises homeopathic medicine, said that most people in our society do not have a perfect diet from the nutritional standpoint and would do well to supplement it with about half a dozen spirulina tablets per day. In particular, he said, people on weight-loss regimens may actually be suffering from malnutrition, although they are overweight. For them, spirulina tablets can be particularly helpful. He also recommends them for sportsmen, as an easily digestible source of energy.

For whatever it's worth, Phyllis Glazer told us she lost three-and-a-half kilos in less than a month while taking six-nine spirulina tablets a day. She claims that, taken half an hour before a meal, they reduced her appetite, and says she has read that they work on the appetite centre of the brain.

True or not, this is the generally held belief about spirulina. When I asked a health food salesman what spirulina is good for, he replied "mainly as an appetite depressant."

VEGETARIAN cook-book author Phyllis Glazer experimented with spirulina in cookery on behalf of Ein Yahav. She planned the Hilton's tasty vegetarian, fish and dairy buffet, heavily laced with the powder. My personal impression was that it was delicious despite the spirulina, not because of it. It is hard to describe what the pure spirulina powder tastes like: it is not obnoxious, but not exactly delicious either. A printed list of its physical properties describes the odour and taste as "mild; resembling sea vegetables."

WHEN I WAS asked to a Weight Watchers' luncheon at the Tel Aviv Sheraton recently, I feared I might come away hungry. I needn't have worried. If that delicious roast beef meal was typical of the programme's fare, I am ready to sign up.

The programme is based on the theory that you can lose weight while eating three controlled, balanced meals a day, plus permitted snacks. Often this results in a slow but steady weight loss. On display for the press was a local mother of seven, Daniela Ratner, who placed second in a recent Weight Watchers' "Slimmer of the Year" competition in Europe. She had lost 200 gr. per week over a two-year period, with a total loss of 22 kilos. She looks extremely svelte.

Weight Watchers thrives on an astute analysis of human behaviour. There are many people who seem to need a group environment in which to lose weight, and they are willing to pay for the privilege of stepping on the scales in public at weekly meetings to the approbation or condemnation of their peers.

From the financial standpoint, Weight Watchers' fees have slimmed down by half in dollar terms over the past year, according to its national director, Batsheva Silverman. The cost of a meeting today is \$1.900.

WHAT'S NEW at Weight Watchers is that they have at long last applied another bit of psychology. Many people need the incentive of losing a lot of weight quickly at the beginning of a diet. Its newest programme worldwide is called Quick Start. The weight watcher gets a highly restricted diet for the first fortnight, then eases into the conventional regime, which is quite liberal as diets go. With Quick Start, the average weight loss in the first week or so is two kilos, Silverman told the press.

With chapters covering the whole country, Weight Watchers is open to anyone who weighs at least five kg. more than the recommended optimum for his or her height and age. Anyone less than five kg. overweight needs a doctor's certificate to join. Children are accepted if accompanied by an adult.

In addition to diet and nutritional guidance, Israeli Weight Watchers today get beauty counselling from Helena Rubinstein hostesses, and a physiotherapist's exercises to retrain the body to stand, sit and move "as a thin person rather than as a fat person."

Not surprisingly, Weight Watchers has seasonal peaks in attracting membership. Here, these occur after the High Holidays and after Pesach. One of its lesson cards gives advice on how to avoid over-eating during the festivals. For a week before they start you should repeat six times a day: "I am capable of staying in a framework of controlled eating during festivals." Perhaps we should all chant this as the Hanukkah doughnut binge gets underway.

WHAT IF persistent dieting fails to remove unsightly bulges in specific body areas? One answer is surgery. In the past, the surgical answer was invariably involved excision of fat and skin together, and left unsightly scars.

Today, in Israel as elsewhere in the developed world, there is an alternative method called lipo-suction. Over the past 18 months, plastic surgeons have done hundreds of cases at the Herzliya Medical Centre, the Aute hospital in Tel Aviv and other private institutions. It was explained to me by Dr. Haim Alfandary, who operates at Herzliya Centre.

A one-centimetre incision is made in a crease of the area to be treated.

Fat is sucked out with a vacuum machine and plastic tubing. Some doctors inject a saline solution first to soften the fat.

The operation is done under local or general anesthesia as preferred. One night's hospitalization is required. The patient resumes normal activities almost immediately. There is practically no pain, says Alfandary. The swelling subsides completely within two to three months, when final results can be seen.

Patients should not expect a dramatic weight loss, Alfandary cautions. It may range from a mere 300 gr. to somewhat over two kg., depending on how much fat is removed. The real change comes in body contours.

Not all parts of the body are suitable for lipo-suction. The preferred areas are hips (particularly to correct the so-called "cello deformity"), waist, buttocks and abdomen. The latter, however, is suitable only if the problem is fat deposit alone, and not lax muscles.

For flabby abdomens, in men or women, Alfandary uses a combination of suction and excision of excess skin. Some surgeons employ lipo-suction for treating men who suffer gynecomasty, the embarrassing enlargement of the breasts.

Nor is every overweight person a potential candidate for lipo-suction. Candidates must have skin smooth and taut enough to return to a normal appearance afterwards. After age 55 or 60, says Alfandary, the procedure may not be possible because of wrinkled skin. Some doctors set the maximum age much lower, around 45.

Alfandary says that fat ought not to return to the areas where it has been sucked out, because the fat cells do not regenerate. But he warns that the patient must continue to maintain proper diet and sufficient exercise, or runs the risk of putting on weight above and below the lipo-suctioned areas.

Lipo-suction is purely cosmetic surgery, and the patient must bear the entire expense. While this varies from case to case, a typical price today is around \$800,000, which includes the surgeon's fee, hospitalization and anesthesia. This, says Dr. Alfandary, is a bargain compared to prices in the United States and France, where charges run to over \$2,500. In fact, some overseas candidates for lipo-suction might consider combining it with a holiday in Israel.

IT MAY BE cruel to end with a mention of the favourite seasonal food. But since most of us will eat some doughnuts this Hanukkah, they might as well be good ones.

The Hilton Hotels in both Tel Aviv and Jerusalem have again set up "doughnut kiosks" in their lobbies. The idea is to show the general public that not everything of Hilton quality is out of their price range.

Indeed, Hilton doughnuts are among the cheapest commercial ones available - at \$150 each at the Jerusalem hotel, and only \$134 in Tel Aviv, where you get an extra one free if you buy 10. On the other hand, Hilton doughnuts are smaller and lighter than the average. Whereas the typical jelly-filled rocks around town weigh 100 gr. and cost \$3250, the cheaper Hilton doughnuts weigh only about 60 gr. But then, this may help the battle of the waistline, and good doughnuts should be light and airy.

In Tel Aviv, the Hilton kiosk is open from noon till 9 p.m. daily, 11-3 on Fridays, and 7-9 on Saturday evenings. The Jerusalem kiosk is open 8 p.m. to 10-3 Fridays, but no Saturday night sales.

Martha Meisels

## The nature of things



Dvora Ben Shaul

DOWN AROUND Ein Gedi, if you look at the birds, you will always see flocks of glossy blue-black birds with a large chestnut patch on each wing, which can best be observed while they are in flight. These are Tristram's grackles.

These resident birds are well worth looking at because they exist only in a few colonies in the world - Ein Gedi, Mar Saba in the Judean desert, and in a few localized spots in the Middle East.

The Israel Nature Reserves Authority cherishes this avian treasure and protecting it has not always been easy. This was particularly true in the late '60s and the first half of the '70s when the nearby kibbutz at Ein Gedi was very dependent on out-of-season grapes, which they grew and sold in Europe.

The farmers were not too happy about having their expensive grapes

gobbled up by the grackles, and at times threatened to take matters into their own hands if the Nature Reserves Authority didn't do something and do it fast. This crisis always seemed to peak at about Pesach time, and many a warden spent his or her Pesach camped in a vineyard, trying to find a solution to the problem.

In the end it turned out that most of the damage was not being done by the grackles at all but by Dead Sea sparrows, bulbuls and any number of other birds as well. But it was the grackles that got most of the blame, and it was really a case of a bird almost literally "talking itself to death."

CRACKLES are very noisy and excitable birds, and in a colony they communicate with one another with a lot of chatter, not only while resting

ing but even while in flight. The farmers cannot be blamed for what they thought was happening because, first thing in the morning, there were the grackles, sitting in the trees around the vineyard and making a lot of noise.

I suspect they were talking about the grapes. Of course they would, at times, steal a few grapes; but then it was back to the tree, where, for another period, they would chatter again. This would go on for quite a while every morning and again in the late afternoon. In the meantime other - less obvious - birds were busy eating grapes.

The problem was eventually solved by several actions, including carbide cannons that went "boon" at intervals, and wires above the vineyard. As a result, the grackles are in no particular danger today